

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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SLEEPING IN LINCOLN'S BED

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TOMMY COMING HOME FROM THE RHINE

BRINGING HIS GUIDES
WITH HIMThe Glorious Story of the Girls
of the Rhine Garrison

SOWING SEEDS OF PEACE

By a Guide Commissioner

In August, 1921, the 1st Rhine Garrison Girl Guide Company was formed at Cologne, and the Brownie Pack, affectionately known in Germany as the Fairies, established itself once a week in the great Hall of the Central Y.M.C.A.

The Central Hall swiftly became a Magic Wood; the Brownies were absolutely determined to become acquainted with the Heinzelmännchen, the Little Brown Men, who had long ago left the town in a body and gone into the woods beyond the Rhine because the people no longer believed in their magic powers. Only if the British Brownies could bring back that belief would the Little Men return to the people of the Rhine.

Beckoning Over the Bridges

It is wonderful what Fairies can do in quite a small way, and these Fairies have been no exception to the rule. They have beckoned with their small hands firmly and steadily to the Brown Men over the bridges; they have stood, superbly unconscious of their own significance, in the main thoroughfares of Cologne and Wiesbaden, amid all the turmoil of an occupying army; and now they are coming home.

The Guides, too, have certainly been slightly enchanted, in the true sense of the word, ever since they realised that the Rhine Garrison Company was bound to make history.

The Colours

The spirit of the Company was bound up with their Colours, and the Colours have been to it something so inexpressibly great and significant that no one who saw them, either with the troops at the King's Birthday Parades or at a church service, will ever forget how they were handled by the Guides. As a mark of his appreciation of the way in which the girls had upheld the honour of the garrison the Commander-in-Chief sent out an order to his officers to salute the Guide Colours on official occasions!

It was a great day when the news was received, five years ago, that Sir Alexander Godley had invited the Chief Scout and the Chief Guide to visit the small unit of Scouts and Guides on the Rhine. They were at once made welcome in the Magic Wood and in the tiny club-room the children had decorated as their own. B.-P. understood all about the Little Brown Men, and claimed even to have met them on a former occasion!

Another famous visit was from the Burgomaster of Wiesbaden with his

The Colours of Peace



The story of the Rhine Garrison Girl Guides is told on this page. Their Colours are unique in the movement, for they were officially saluted by the Garrison troops. Here they are seen on one of the last parades before the disbanding of the Company, which has played a great part in sowing the seeds of peace. We suggest that the Colours should find a permanent home in the new G.H.Q. of the Guides.

wife and children. He watched the games and loved the drill, and then he said: "I will sing you, as an extra item to your programme, the song of the Lorelei, because you have helped us to remember all beautiful things."

And not only in the town were the seeds of beauty and humour being sown. For many summers past the Rhine Garrison Guides set out for camp, and the startled villagers, who had seen Army lorries depositing the children with their escort of military police, were astonished to hear the thin, sweet notes of a penny whistle coming from the camp. It was followed by the entire party of Guides in single file, with broadly-smiling police bringing up the rear, setting out to the strains of Agnie Laurie to fetch the milk.

Figures came out of the forest to watch these blue-clad sprites. The scuffle of little feet could be heard at night. Beauty, and belief in beauty, was coming nearer, was advancing once more over the bridges to the town where these children of enchantment were preparing their legacy.

Now, in the autumn of 1929, the tale begun in the summer of 1921, the tale of the Rhine Garrison Company, has been told and the Colours are furled. The Rhine Garrison Company is no more. Yet it will live. Only in the years to come, years to be blessed with understanding and peace, will its full achievements be made known.

But the Little Brown Men, the Heinzelmännchen, will be coming back from the woods.

THE GOAT IN THE GAZETTE

A COLUMN OF FAME

Dumb Friend of a Regiment
That Fought at Mons

CONFINED TO BARRACKS

How many great men have had to be content with a line in the morning paper! Yet here is a goat with a whole column in the London Gazette.

The London Gazette is the official newspaper which announces all promotions in the public services and all public honours. It also contains lists of persons declared bankrupt, but we are glad to say the goat does not appear among them.

When the Gazette was first established in 1665 no one dreamed that a special Order would have to be issued before a goat could land on British soil, but the Diseases of Animals Acts guard our shores today, and the British soldiers returning from the Rhine had to leave their pet dogs and cats in quarantine.

A Column of Official Language

The mascot of the Second Battalion of the Royal Welch Fusiliers would have had to share their fate if the Minister of Agriculture had not issued an Order, complete with schedules, permitting the goat to come ashore on condition that he was moved direct from the quay to Tidworth Barracks, there detained for 28 days, and not allowed to come into contact with any other animal. It took a full column of the London Gazette to say this in official language.

Why such favouritism? asks the owner of a quarantine dog. Well, the goat was given to the battalion by the King. Moreover, he has led a cloistered life, and has not had so much chance of picking up disease as an ordinary dog. But perhaps the best reason for making an exception in his favour is that he belongs to a regiment which covered itself with glory on the retreat from Mons. When the Minister of Agriculture thinks about Mons he feels that the survivors must have anything they want, even if it is a white goat with long sweeping horns who ought to be in quarantine. So the goat is only confined to barracks.

THE PRIME MINISTER IN AMERICA

The historic voyage of the Berengaria, taking the Prime Minister to America for the memorable meeting with the President at Washington, has aroused the most remarkable enthusiasm throughout the United States, and the astonishing welcome given to Mr. MacDonald everywhere is full of promise. It is felt that a new chapter is beginning in the history of the English-speaking peoples, and the utmost hope prevails that a foundation will be well and truly laid for the Disarmament Conference at Geneva next year.

THE ELEPHANT THAT WOULD NOT GO

SKEGNESS IS SO BRACING

Two Free Entertainments For a Seaside Town

THE TRAINER WHO WENT BY NIGHT

The summer weather has lasted so long that many seaside visitors have stayed on into the autumn. Among them is Rosie, an elephant.

Rosie went to Skegness for her holiday, and combined business with pleasure by giving performances in the amusement park. The children loved her, and Rosie evidently loved Skegness.

But the last day came. We all know the sadness of seeing bathing dresses and wooden spades packed up, and although we do not know that Rosie had luggage of that sort we do know that her belongings were packed and she was taken to the station.

"Say Good-bye to the sea, Rosie," her trainer must have said. "Say Good-bye to the sands and the gulls and the boats. We are going home to the menagerie, but if you are good you may come back next year."

A Mountain of Obstinacy

Next year! It always seems so far away when the summer holidays are ending and we betake our sunburned selves to the train once more. Rosie felt that she simply could not wait till next summer, so when she was led up to the travelling-box which waited her in a goods siding she refused to enter it.

A small crowd had followed Rosie through the streets, and they watched her trainer coaxing the mountain of obstinacy for two hours.

"I'll do anything in reason," said Rosie, "but I won't go home."

At last she was led back to the amusement park. Rosie was delighted, and Skegness was flattered to learn that she refused to leave the place.

When another effort was made to get her into her travelling-box a crowd of more than a thousand people accompanied her to the station. Directly she recognised the scene Rosie trumpeted fiercely and sat down.

All the railway staff could do was done to tempt her into that box, but what was food and what was coaxing to Rosie, compared with sea and sand?

The Trainer's Strategy

When every persuasion failed the trainer said he must use more severe methods, and he took a stick, but at this Rosie stood on her head! The crowd shouted with joy. Then Rosie went through all her other tricks one by one. Once more she seemed to be saying "I'll do anything in reason, but I won't go home."

You cannot use a railway station as a circus ground indefinitely, so the trainer had to lead Rosie back to the amusement park once more. Then he wired to the menagerie: "Can't get Rosie aboard."

No doubt we have readers who would like to follow Rosie's example, but we fear they would not have her brief glad hour of success. A brief glad hour it was, for in the end, at the third time of asking, Rosie changed her mind and relented. Or was she tricked? We do not know, but what happened was that a fresh trainer was sent to Skegness and surprised the elephant by night. Rosie got up, sauntered to the station, and in the darkness of night walked slowly on to the train. Skegness was so bracing by day, but even elephants nap at night.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Cassiopeia . . . Kas-se-o-pe-yah
Cepheus . . . See-fuse
Foucault . . . Foo-ko
Holstein . . . Hol-stine
Prybilov . . . Pre-be-lof

GIPSY'S FRIEND

The Man Who Loved His Horse

A DAILY WALK OF 30 MILES TO CARE FOR IT

George Eorow, who loved horses and understood gipsies, would have honoured a gipsy who has proved himself a faithful friend to his horse this year.

Smith, the gipsy, with his family, drove his caravan down to Maidstone for the hop season. During their work in hopping time they all fell ill, and he had to take them to East Ham Hospital. Their hopes of reaping a small harvest were ruined. Then came another misfortune. Smith's horse was kicked by another, and became quite lame!

Now the gipsy had to work for everyone, and when his work was done he walked 30 miles every day. His family were in East Ham and his sick horse was in Maidstone.

Someone noticed the gipsy's care for the sick horse and told him about the Poor People's Dispensary for Sick Animals. So off he tramped to Wanstead to ask if they could help his friend. They could and they would, as all our readers know, and very soon an ambulance came for the gipsy's friend.

Now the gipsy no longer needs to tramp 30 miles between his sick children and his sick horse. Other kind hands are tending the invalid.

The other day the man paid a visit to his horse, and cried with pleasure to see it look so sleek and well.

RINGING ON BOTH SIDES OF THE WORLD

New Zealand Bells in Newcastle

A Newcastle schoolgirl sends us a happy appreciation of the action of the New Zealand Government in allowing the fine carillon of 49 bells cast in England for a Peace Memorial at Wellington to be heard on the Town Moor, Newcastle, through the duration of the North-East Coast Exhibition there.

The departure of the carillon will cause much natural regret, she says. Hundreds have gathered on the Moor on Sunday nights to hear the special recitals.

Many of the bells have been given by the parents of sons who fell in the war. The bells are named, and the larger ones have quotations on them. The Seven Seas says: "Cherish me as a tribute to the British Mercantile Marine."

Our correspondent feels it is fine that the chimes of these bells should have been broadcast across the Seven Seas so that they have already sent their message ahead to their destination.

The idea of allowing these bells to be heard in the Mother Country before they go out to the Daughter Country, keeps warm the kindred hearts on each side of the world.

PUSSY'S RISE IN THE WORLD

Some holiday-makers at Hayburn Wyke, near Scarborough, were much surprised the other day to see a cat flying along on a seagull's back!

The gull had been standing on a rock by the water's edge when the cat jumped on its back. The bird immediately flew off with its furry passenger, but poor Pussy evidently did not appreciate her joy-ride, for she fell off into the water and swam ashore.

Both animals must have been relieved at the sudden parting, for Pussy dashed off into a wood to think over Life's sudden happenings.

LITTLE WIVES AND WIDOWS

A BIG MOVE IN INDIA

The New Law That Will Bring Happiness to a Mighty Multitude

FACING THE CHILD MARRIAGE PROBLEM

At last the Indian people themselves have been aroused to the necessity of dealing with the appalling custom of child marriage.

At the last census there were over 200,000 wives and 15,000 widows in India under five years old and over two million wives and a hundred thousand widows between five and ten. Two out of every five of the little girls between ten and fifteen were married and nearly 400,000 of them were widows. If we would realise the full horror of these things we must remember that widows are held in dishonour in India, and for the most part are not allowed to marry again.

Public Opinion Aroused

Hitherto there has been no law in India forbidding marriage under a certain age, and great cruelty and suffering has resulted. The Government of India have always held that it is useless for it to make laws that would not be supported by the people, among whom child marriage has been an established custom. But now educated public opinion has been aroused among the Indians themselves, largely as a result of British and American criticism, and very largely as the result of a book by an American woman, and last year the Indian Government agreed to appoint a committee to make investigations and recommendations.

Religious Difficulties

That committee, all the members of which are Indians except one English lady doctor, has now reported in favour of forbidding all marriages under 14 and imprisoning those who break the law. A Bill based on these proposals, introduced by Rai Sahib Harbilas Sarda, has been passed by the Indian National Assembly, with the support of the Government, and is certain to become law.

What now remains is to see that the law is carried out, and it is for the educated people of India to rally to the support of the Government. It is almost certain that the support will be forthcoming, but there are religious difficulties in the way and some anxiety is felt. What is certain is that this new law is necessary if India is to take her place in the front rank of civilised peoples, and all friends of India wish well to this high endeavour now beginning with such promise.

THE BANK RATE

Why It Is Raised

The immediate results of the raising of the Bank Rate from 5½ to 6½ per cent have been depressing; but the step was unavoidable and in the long run the country should benefit.

The rate was raised to meet conditions largely brought about by the fact that borrowing has been cheaper here than in other countries, and consequently nearly 80 millions of gold has been lost by this country in the last twelve months, with the result that our stock of gold has been reduced to 17 millions below the 150 millions regarded as necessary to preserve our national credit.

Borrowing on the London market being no longer so attractive to the foreigner, it is hoped that our industries, however temporarily embarrassed they may be by dear money, will at least be assured of the credit they need, that the pound will be raised in value abroad, that our financial stability will be safeguarded, and that finally the relation of the world's exchanges will achieve a normal level.

THE CRADLE OF THE GREAT WAR

Again Rocking With Hate

The cradle of the Great War is once more rocking with hate!

It was the oppression of the Slavs of Croatia by Austria that prompted the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand by their Serbian kinsmen; it is the oppression of these same Slavs of Croatia by these same Serb kinsmen that is endangering peace today.

The Croats rejoiced mightily at the Peace ten years ago, when they became members of the Triune Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes commonly called Yugo-Slavia, but they expected to develop the system of local self-government begun by Austria, while the Serbs had no idea of anything but a rigidly centralised government from Belgrade for the whole kingdom.

Government by Soldiers

It was this conflict of policy which led to the deadlock in Parliament and the King's proclamation of a Dictatorship under General Pera Zhivkovitch last January. The dictatorship has produced its usual results, government by soldiers and the suppression of all expression of political opinion.

When a declaration of loyalty to King Alexander was being drawn up at a meeting of lawyers in Zagreb, the Croatian capital, one of them proposed that an appeal should be included asking the King to give the people back their constitution. This lawyer was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for his proposal. He is one of 3000 people, chiefly students and workmen, who have been arrested for what are called "political offences." Thieves and other real criminals have had to be released to make room for them in the gaols.

Spies and Blackmailers

The country is covered with police spies, informers, and blackmailers who extort money under threats of charges of sedition. Even friends cannot trust each other and dare not talk politics together. In the prisons men are committing suicide to escape the torments by which confessions are extorted.

It was said, when the Dictatorship was declared, that only soldiers could put right the administrative disorder, the corruption, and the financial and economic crisis suffered by the country under parliamentary government, yet today all these things continue worse than before.

The Great War grew out of Serbia; it is highly important that a watch should be kept on Serbia if the Great Peace is not to be endangered.

THINGS SAID

A judge must sometimes have more patience than Job. Judge Crawford

The fruit of the Tree of Knowledge has always been a dangerous diet.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

Daily I receive evidence of the almost universal prayer for peace.

President Hoover

The average man is quite apathetic to the daily sufferings of horses.

Lady Younghusband

Proper feeding would remove eighty per cent of the illnesses in this country in a year.

Mrs. Leonora Eyles

Every man is much nearer than he knows to the staircase of success if he will take the first step and keep on.

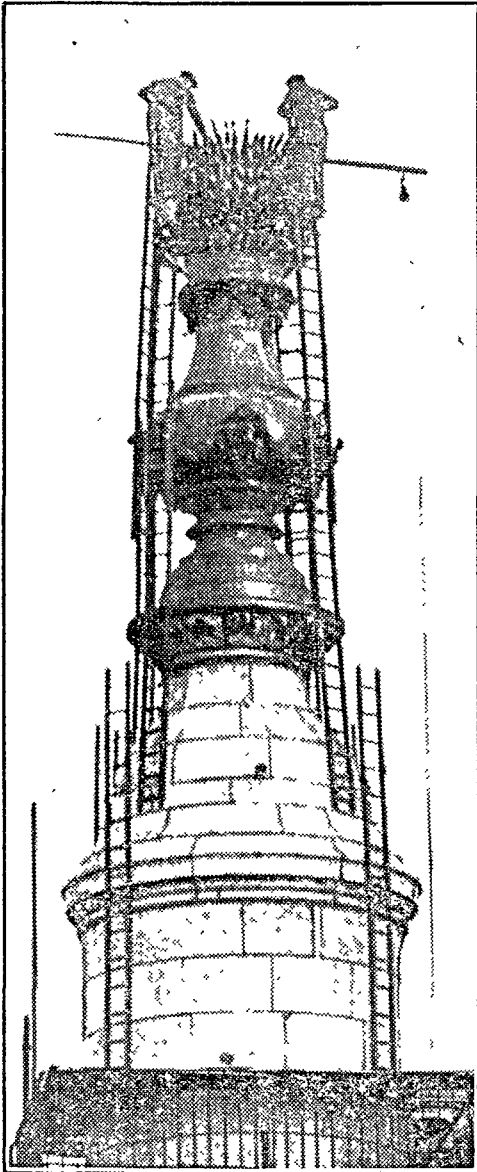
Sir Sidney Skinner

One thing is borne in on me year by year—the incapacity of editors to gauge what the public would like.

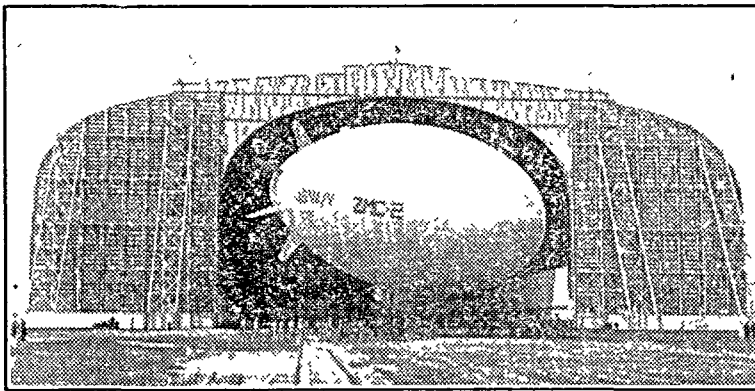
Archbishop of York

Beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesseth. Jesus

ALL-METAL AIRSHIP · GIANT SUNFLOWER · SNAKE PLAYS TRUANT



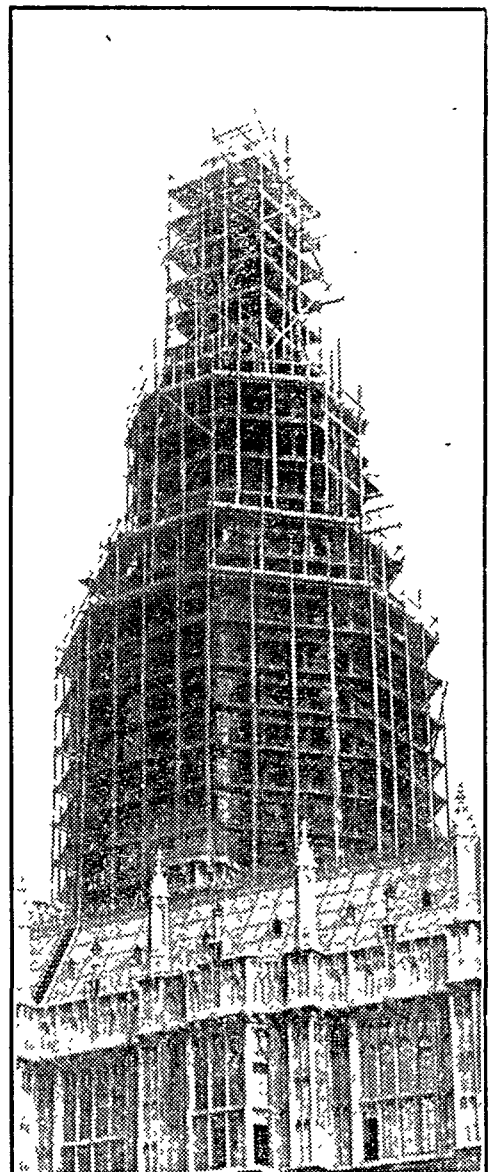
At Work Above London—These men are busily engaged in gilding the top of the Monument, which commemorates the Great Fire of London.



All-Metal Airship—For many years we have had all-metal aeroplanes. Now the United States has an all-metal airship, which is here seen entering a great hangar in New Jersey after a flight. Even its envelope is made of metal.



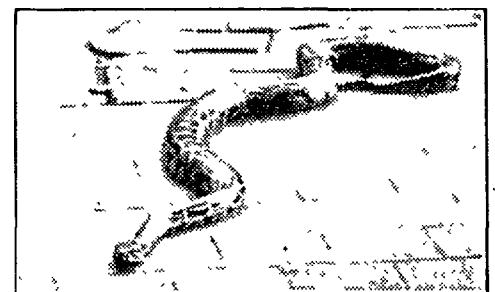
A Giant Sunflower—This sunflower, over 10 feet high, was grown by a gardener of Keighley, Yorkshire, from a penny packet of seed. The boy in our picture seems anxious to rival the exploit of the hero of Jack and the Beanstalk.



What is This ?—Here is an unfamiliar view of one of the towers of the Houses of Parliament. It is being repaired, and is entirely encased in scaffolding.



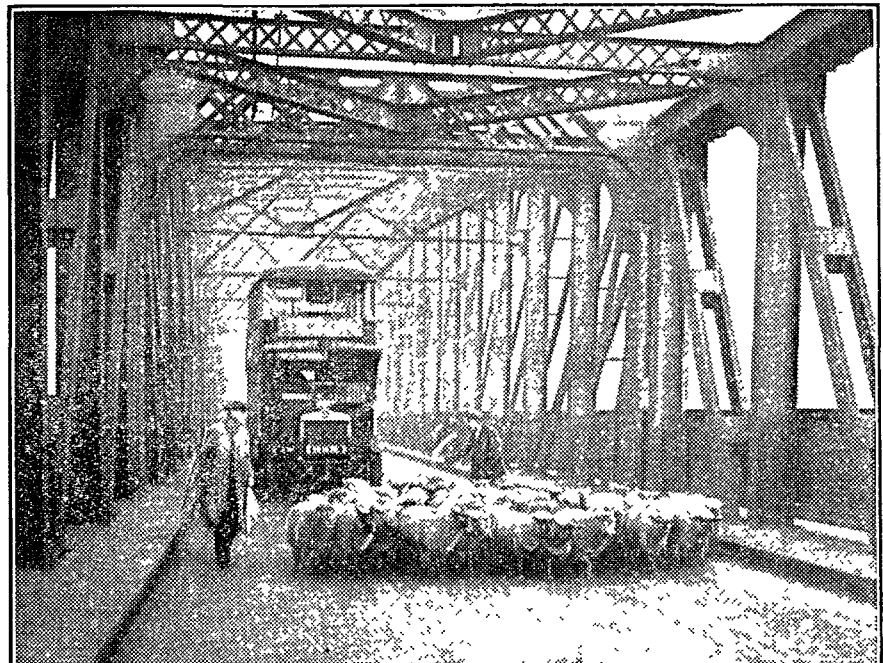
Zoo's New Baby—There is now a baby sea-lion at the London Zoo. Here we see it with its mother after the first swimming lesson.



A Snake Plays Truant—After being lost for three days this snake, the pet of a Putney man, returned to its home. It is here seen on the doorstep.



Autumn Glory—When the summer flowers are gone we welcome chrysanthemums. Here is a beautiful load of them being sent off to market from a nursery near London.



A Traffic Problem—Drivers of London buses have many traffic problems to contend with, but seldom are they faced with one like this, when a flock of sheep was met on Waterloo Bridge.

IT STILL MOVES WATCHING THE SPIN OF THE EARTH

The Great Swinging Pendulum
Under a Dome in Florence

THE TRUTH WHICH IMPERILLED GALILEO

Italian scientists have been proving once more a well-known truth.

Under the lofty dome of Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence a massive pendulum, 150 feet long and weighing 200 pounds, has been set swinging over a carefully-marked table, with the result that those who watched saw for themselves the unquestioned evidence of the Earth's rotation upon its axis.

The experiment is not new; it has been carried out several times since 1850, when Léon Foucault, a brilliant French physicist, first revealed by experiment a great truth which had previously been only a theory. Galileo had been threatened with torture unless he denied his declaration that the Earth moves, and he did recant, muttering to himself fearfully as he rose from his knees: "And yet it does move."

Foucault and Galileo

Two and a-half centuries later it fell to the illustrious Frenchman to demonstrate the accuracy of what men had long come to accept as a scientific law. In mind Foucault was a disciple of Galileo, and went to the great master for the means to justify him. It was Galileo, at Pisa, who first set a pendulum in motion as a means of establishing physical laws which could not otherwise be understood.

He found that a pendulum will complete its journey in the same time whatever the length of its stroke or the diameter of the circle it describes. To alter the time in which it does its work we must alter the length of the pendulum itself. Once set in motion, the pendulum swings in the same plane for an enormous number of beats until friction and the pull of the Earth bring it to rest. But for those deterring forces it would go on for ever.

Law of Falling Bodies

As it descends from the up-stroke of its beat it gathers new momentum with which to make the next up-stroke. From this discovery, aided by other experiments, Galileo was able to formulate his law of falling bodies and to solve a mystery, now simplicity itself to a child-learner, though till then it had so baffled exalted minds that nothing would make them believe that a ten-pound weight would not fall ten times as fast as a one-pound weight.

Foucault developed Galileo's discoveries with a pendulum in an unforeseen direction. On the floor of a hall he placed a table marked into divisions, and above it he suspended a long pendulum from the roof.

The Table and the Earth

The pendulum was set swinging and the two points on the table which it crossed as it swung, one at the end of its up-stroke and one at the end of its return journey, were duly noted. The pendulum continued to swing, minute after minute, with its course unaltered. Presently it was seen that the relative positions of table and pendulum had changed. It was not the pendulum by which the variation had been caused. It was the table which had turned with the Earth, and the movement the pendulum thus recorded showed the watchers the angle through which the Earth was turning before their eyes.

That is the experiment which has just been repeated in Florence, the experiment which proves to the eye that the "immovable Earth" of Galileo's persecutors has its daily rotation as well as its yearly revolution.

PRIVATE FIRMS AND WAR A STEP FORWARD

British Government Signs
Another Important Document
CONTROL OF ALL ARMS

When the victors in the Great War were first discussing Disarmament in Paris ten years ago it must have seemed to some of them the easiest part of their work to stop the manufacture and export of arms by private firms.

"We shall have difficulty," we can imagine them saying, "in getting the Governments to close down their great arsenals all at once, but at least they will agree that private firms ought not to be running arsenals on their own account and distributing their manufactures over a world that is longing for peace."

Open to Grave Objection

And so they set down in Article 8 of the Covenant the statement that "the Members of the League agree that the manufacture by private enterprise of munitions and implements of war is open to grave objection," and instruct the League Council to "advise how the evil effects attendant upon such manufacture can be prevented."

But even then they had to add that in giving this advice due regard must be had to "the necessities of those Members of the League which are not able to manufacture the munitions and implements of war necessary for their safety." For they realised even then that to forbid the private manufacture and export of arms while Government manufacture remained unchecked was to compel those nations without arsenals of their own to set up arsenals for themselves. This consideration has paralysed effective action ever since.

Britain's Influence

Delegates have agreed on Conventions at Geneva, but their Governments have failed to ratify them. Now at last, however, the British Government has announced that it will ratify the most important of these Conventions, and (so important is Britain's influence) it is expected that other Governments will quickly follow and the Convention will come into general operation.

Henceforth no private firm is to manufacture armaments without a licence from its Government, and under that licence it must supply particulars enabling the Government to make a statement of all armament production year by year to the League. The decision is an important step, if only a small one, toward the longed-for day of World Disarmament.

SHALL WE LOSE OUR LAMP POSTS?

Will lamp posts become obsolete?

A speaker at a conference of Lighting Engineers lately suggested that we should light our streets by concealed illumination from houses and shops.

This would be gain and loss if the scheme succeeded. Our roads would appear more spacious and motor accidents might be slightly reduced. On the other hand the lighting might not be so good for motorists, and how different our streets would look without the familiar rows of lights! We should miss our old friend the lamplighter, and street urchins would miss many lamp-post games.

In Japan every house and shop is supposed to have an electric lamp outside the gate or over the front door. The entrances of many shops are illumined with Japanese lanterns.

BANG GOES SIXPENCE

By Our Country Girl

He had lost his sixpence. No wonder he was crying!

He was one of fifteen hundred poor children who had been brought from the East End slums to spend a day by the sea. Charitable strangers had paid the fares, but parents had provided lunches wrapped up in newspaper and also a few halfpennies for sweets or a ride on the Joy Wheel.

Sixpence is a lot of money to a small boy from the slums—it is a lot of money to his parents too. This little fellow of six had never been so rich in his life before, and now his lovely fortune was lost in the sand! No wonder his manly courage melted and that he cried.

But directly his news was known, and before the grown-ups in charge could comfort him, a little chap of eight pulled off his shabby cap, put in a penny, and handed it round. Other boys contributed their halfpennies, and soon the lost capital was made good.

A happy six-year-old went off to the Joy Wheel.

Typical of the Slums

This little incident, taken from an account of a day by the sea which appears in that bright little news-sheet, the East End Star, seems to us typical of the slums. When a poor man has had luck his poor neighbours send round the cap. They really have nothing to spare, but somehow they manage to spare something. It seems to them the natural and inevitable thing to give help instead of mere sympathy.

That was why Eight-Years-Old pulled off his cap without wasting words and put in his mite. It was what Father had done when Mr. Green was in hospital and Mrs. Green could not pay the rent.

Do we wonder that the Cockney Volunteer made such a glorious comrade in the war? The slums had taught him long ago that

*Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone:
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.*

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

With 37 rainless days, London has had the worst drought known in its history for 120 years.

Mr. Max Darewski, the well-known composer and conductor, has died in a nursing home, at 34.

A boat has landed 220,000 herrings at Yarmouth, the largest catch of the season.

New Government in Austria

A critical domestic situation arising in Austria has led to a change of government and the appointment of Herr Schober as Chancellor.

Cruelty is Cheap

For burying a dog alive a man has been fined only £2 at Hastings.

A Fishy Story From Bath

Mr. Charles Whiting of Bath lately married Miss Fish. Mr. Whiting's two aunts married Mr. Cockle and Mr. Herring.

The Noisy Engine and the Rattling Lorry

A driver at East Ham has been fined £1 for having a rattling lorry and £1 for having a noisy engine.

A Discovery in the Arctic

It is thought that some bones found in the Arctic may possibly be those of five men lost in Frobisher's expedition in 1576.

A Jackdaw's Ride

A tame jackdaw rode on the axle of a motor-car from Market Deeping in Lincolnshire to Woodford in Northants, about 35 miles.

Vancouver and Captain Cook

A memorial plaque has been unveiled in the new Vancouver cathedral in honour of Captain Cook, "who prepared the way for General Wolfe to Quebec, and first revealed the wealth of this Province."

THE LITTER LOUTS INTRODUCING THEM TO THE LAW

The Ten-Shilling Picnic and
the Costly Charabanc Ride

THE FOREST AS RUBBISH HEAP

A woman has been fined 10s. for leaving litter behind after picnicking at Hollingbourne in Kent.

A woman has been fined 7s. 6d. for throwing paper on Hampstead Heath.

A woman has been fined at Chatham for throwing a newspaper from a charabanc.

It is a good beginning, and we are all glad to see the law at work; but in the wider areas of the countryside the Litter Lout goes on his way unharmed and almost unchecked.

In an ideal state of society we should all do right by inclination. Civilisation is not yet an ideal society, so, as appeals fail we must all be governed by law. For Please Do and Please Do Not we have to substitute the voice of the law with its stern Thou Shalt and Thou Shalt Not.

The Police Awakening

Those who, in defiance of all appeals, deface the countryside are now being made to realise that the Thou Shalt. Not of the law can be enforced by penalty. Little by little the police of the country are awakening to the knowledge that they can act against the Litter Lout. Prosecutions are not yet general, but the cases increase in number and the area of vigilance and action extends weekly.

The successful prosecutions of untidy holiday-makers in Kent are proof that the authorities of Kent are at last moving in defence of the Garden of England. But every traveller through Kent to the seaside must marvel that prosecutions are not multiplied a thousandfold.

The Despoiler in Savernake

Motoring facilities must in time have a high educational value on our people. A poor man today, by the aid of the charabanc, can see more of England in a year than most of our kings have seen, and with the growing love of travel there must come a love and respect for the places visited. It comes all too slowly, but if natural instinct does not teach it the law will have to enforce the fact that people must not treat the fairest places in the land as if they were rubbish heaps.

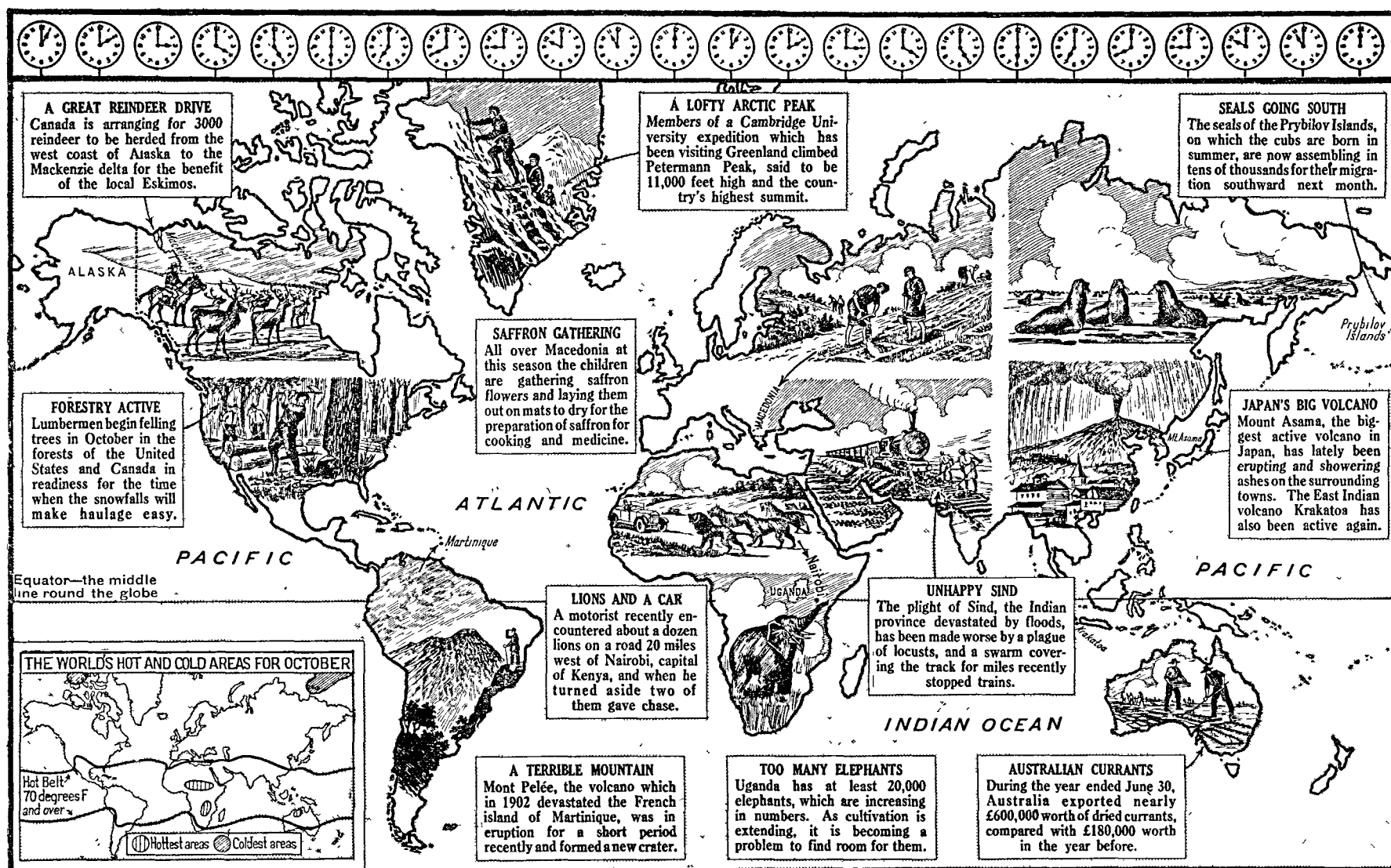
One of the loveliest places in England is Savernake Forest, but the hand of the despoiler is everywhere apparent in it. A party lunching there the other day found, amid the trees and bracken, fish-tins, paper, rotting fruit, a whisky bottle, and, actually in the root of a superb beech tree, the remains of a bonfire over which beanfeasters had presumably boiled a kettle. What penalty could be too severe for Litter Louts like these?

EXCHANGING SEEDS

Miss Dorothy Jackson, of 15, Vivian Gardens, Wembley Hill, who has been acting as an intermediary between correspondents in the Dominions and the Old Country who are willing to exchange seeds, wishes us to announce that she has fixed up the first 20 applicants and will deal with the others if she can, as she gets more addresses from overseas.

In the meantime she suggests that in any exchange of seeds the local name of any flower sent should be written on the seed envelope; also directions for planting, a difference of six months being made in the planting time if the correspondent is in Australia or New Zealand. The present season's seeds are the best, and they should be pure. It is illegal to send certain weeds, such as thistles, to the Dominions.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE GOOD CAPTAIN

A Breakfast Surprise on the Way From India

A man back from India has been telling his friends about an incident that took place on the voyage.

One morning all the passengers found this message on the breakfast menu:

The captain has a surprise for you today.

Everybody was excited. What could it be? A concert, a fire drill?

Soon they found that the liner was being taken right out of her course to give them a wonderful view of the coast of Sicily. It was a lovely day, and the passengers crowding the side kept exclaiming with delight as the beautiful land unfolded before them. Not the least of their pleasures was the sight of Stromboli, the great volcano.

As they went down to luncheon they all agreed that it had been a delightful morning. Then they took up their menu cards and read a second message from the captain:

Please show your gratitude for the gift of sight by giving generously to help the blind.

And a certain famous charity reaped a great harvest that day.

BABY WAKES UP THE COURT

A bored baby at Enfield police court recently caused a sensation.

While a mother gave evidence a policeman held her small child. But the baby had no respect for burly policemen or court proceedings, and, when nobody was looking, took the policeman's whistle out of his pocket and blew a shrill note.

Everybody jumped up in alarm and for some minutes there was confusion, until the smiling culprit was noticed with his new toy. Order was restored, and baby had to become bored once more by the dull affairs of grown-ups; but everyone else went on with the case in a better humour.

A TRAVELLER FROM BRAZIL

How Mr. Snake Got to the Zoo

The other day the Great Western Railway asked the Zoo if it would like a snake.

The said snake had turned up unescorted, and created rather a sensation.

It turned out to be a Merrem's water-snake, and it had come all the way from Brazil. Someone had packed it up by mistake, and not till London was reached did it escape from the packing-case.

Snakes are notoriously bad travellers. Collectors have had great difficulties in getting specimens safely to England. But this snake, by some extraordinary luck, survived the long voyage and the great hardship of going without water.

He got a great welcome in the end, for the Zoo had not had a Merrem's water-snake for 50 years. It was so kind of him to come!

WHEN THE ADMIRAL SLEPT

The death of Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux reminds us of two things.

He brought up the naval guns which saved Ladysmith and he fell asleep while the Prince of Wales was talking to him. Surely he was the only man in history to commit such a breach of etiquette!

It was just after the war, when the Prince, afterwards Edward the Seventh, invited him and his brother to Sandringham. On the first evening he called the famous sailor to sit beside him on a couch and talk of Ladysmith.

All at once the other guests saw that the sailor was fast asleep! His brother hastened across and explained that owing to the long strain of the siege sleep at night had become impossible.

"Poor fellow! Poor fellow!" said the Prince, looking at the thin, worn face beside him.

And the captain slept on

SOUTH AFRICA ONE UP

Australia One Down

South Africa came to Australia a few years ago, took away some bundles of Australian wattle-tree seedlings, and during the last five years has sold Australia wattle bark and extract worth no less than £34,000.

Australia herself has not thought it worth while to look after her national tree for the sake of the bark, but South Africa has wattle - tree plantations covering 310,000 acres, and wattle bark is by far the most important of the minor forest industries of the South African Union.

Private enterprise has developed the industry in Africa, principally round Natal, where most of the plantations are situated. The 1927 export of 106,000 tons of bark was worth nearly a million pounds with an additional 17,361 tons of bark-extract worth another £300,000.

The facts appear to be a little ironical for Australia.

FRIDAY STREET

Most sincerely is it to be hoped that the builders will not be permitted to get the lovely Surrey village of Friday Street into their hands.

There are many Friday Streets in England, some in Kent, some in Suffolk, but this delightful valley, half lost in a fold of the North Downs behind Leith Hill, is the loveliest of all. With its tall pines brooding over the little town round which its cottages are scattered, it might be a Norwegian hamlet above the mountains that encircle Oslo. Cars are supposed to park half a mile away; and pilgrims mostly find their way to Friday Street on foot.

A thousand years ago an English king defeated the Danes in a great battle fought close by. Surely we can now win the more important battle which will save these pleasant, unspoiled places from the jerry-builder.

NEWS FROM A WAR RAID

An Item 12 Years Late

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN A ROOF

Our worst worries never happen, a good old proverb says.

During the last twelve years we are sure Mr. and Mrs. Bachmann worried about this and that. Who does not? We are afraid of getting influenza, of missing a certain sum of money, of offending some important person.

Well, the Bachmanns doubtless had worries like this, which came to nothing. They never worried at all about the real and terrible danger which was overhanging them.

The other day they sent a workman up to re-tile the roof, and he found a live bomb there, with its percussion cap still intact.

It must have fallen during the raid on Southend in 1917, when the roof of their house in Westcliff was damaged by shrapnel. The men who repaired the damage did not notice the bomb.

Damocles, with a sword suspended over his head by a single hair, was not in greater peril than the Bachmanns.

But Damocles knew about the sword, and that makes all the difference.

A GALLANT SKIPPER

John W. Thompson was at sea in his trawler Ben Arda 136 miles east of the River Tyne when Andrew Burgon got caught in the trawl and went overboard with the net.

Thompson was wearing heavy sea-boots and oilskins, but there was no time to lose, and he did not stop to take them off.

He dived under the net, swam clear of the gear, and held his friend above the water until a line was thrown and they were hauled aboard the trawler once more.

This brave and skilful swimmer has been awarded the Royal Humane Society's silver medal.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 12 1929

Ramsay Sleeps in Abraham's Bed

It is nothing, they may say. What does it matter where any man sleeps? But it matters a very great deal that Ramsay MacDonald is sleeping in Abraham Lincoln's bed.

A long, long time has passed since Abraham Lincoln knelt at that bedside and made a promise to his Maker. We all remember that other promise of his, made to himself at a slave auction. The iron ran into his soul as he looked, and with a prayer to God on his lips he cried out: "By God, boys, let's get away from this: if ever I get a chance to hit that thing I'll hit it hard."

He remembered his promise and he kept his word. The chance to hit the hard blow came.

Abraham Lincoln knelt down by his bed one autumn night on the eve of the Battle of Antietam and, like a little child, promised that if victory were given to the North and the enemy driven from Maryland he would take it as a sign that he was to go forward and set free all the slaves.

It is like a page from the life of Joan of Arc, but it is a page from the life of Abraham Lincoln. He told his Cabinet how he had gone on his knees and how God had decided the question in favour of the slaves.

I said nothing to anyone (he said) but I made the promise to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out of Maryland, and I am going to fulfil my promise. I have got you together to hear what I have written down.

Then was signed the Great Emancipation. It was the beginning of the end of the war, and it had begun when Abraham Lincoln became as a little child.

He struck his blow for liberty, and passed to those far realms where our immortals are. He had done his part, this Kentucky carpenter's lad who used to say that his life could be put into one line, "The short and simple annals of the poor." He had managed a boat at a ferry, he had made rustic fences, he had been a farm lad, and he had made his name shine like a star.

And now there comes another to his bed, Ramsay MacDonald, the Board School boy of Lossiemouth. He, too, has made a promise; he, too, is to hit something hard. He will hit War a blow that will send it reeling.

He will be dreaming now, in Lincoln's bed, of the great day that is coming. One poor boy grows up to hit Slavery, another grows up to hit War. So the torch is handed on. So dreamers come and dreams come true. So two poor boys bless all mankind.

Was ever a thing more wonderful? God bless all poor boys, for they may be the saviours of the world. A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Pneumatic Drill at 40 Miles an Hour

Is it not time the Home Office stepped out into the street to listen to the noise?

Two months have gone since the new laws came in for stopping noises that have become a public nuisance and a peril, and still the motor-cyclist dashes through the streets and along our country roads like a pneumatic drill, while the police look on. Only rarely do we hear of a prosecution.

Not even at Exeter do we hear of such a novelty, and is not Exeter the noisiest city in the land? In a ride through a thousand miles of England we heard no noise all the rest of the way to be compared with the fearful din of the streets of this cathedral town. No more can we go for a rest to this old centre of Devon.

The Tramp's Mite

A STORY from Manchester about the tramp who paid his mite is too good to be overlooked. It is also very tramp-like. Here it is.

A kindly man who has devoted many years to a lowly Mission has become poorer, and a Manchester paper has started a fund to help him.

A contribution of sixpence was sent in an explanatory letter. The sixpence had been found on a milestone not far from the Mission, and on the side of the milestone was a chalk message asking whoever found the sixpence to give it to the fund.

The tramp, it seems, had picked up from the gutter the paper containing the appeal, read it, and had taken this strange way of adding his mite.

Evidently he was a genuine tramp, for the genuine tramp always carries chalk to mark for his fellow-tramps the houses of the benevolent. This time the chalk gave back a benevolence.

Thinking

WHEN there is any news about the difficult question of how to think we are glad to pass it on.

A distinguished Frenchman has been considering the matter, and here are some of his conclusions.

Solitude induces thought. If anybody should go for a cruise in a quiet boat, after three or four days he will find a change coming over his mind.

Produce certain favourable conditions and you produce the Art of Thinking. For example, go and live among foreigners who know no words of English. Soon you will speak their language and think in it also.

Our mind is like our eye; it must be single or we shall not think. It must not be torn two ways.

Now try this, says our author. Take strong tea one morning to keep yourself awake. Lie, not in bed but on a couch, for two or three hours, and try to simplify your problems (that is to say, in most cases, your home-made annoyances), remembering that you are a Christian.

The Dream of Safety Glass

WE hear a great deal on the Stock Exchange about Safety Glass. When shall we have it on our cars? One car we know has replaced its "safety" glass six times in a few months.

The truth appears still to be, as the C.N. declared a year ago, that there is no satisfactory safety glass outside the Stock Exchange.

Name, Please

SOMEONE recently drew attention to the fact that, although the names of the contractors are always prominently displayed on buildings going up, it is usually difficult to find out who the architect is.

He suggests that, as we owe so much to the designers of our great buildings, credit should be given to them; and we pass on his suggestion to our builder friends.

Tip-Cat

IN America a baby has been posted by air-mail. Infant in wings instead of in arms.

A WATER BOARD authority declares that the people are entitled to a proper supply of water. It seems a good idea.

WHAT is the best cure for sea-sickness? To grow too fond of the sea ever to be sick of it.

IT is being recognised that war is no longer necessary for wiping out surplus population, now that the motor-car and the charabanc are in full swing.

A BROTHER of the Kaiser is a waiter at Luxembourg. Following the example of his brother, who is waiting at Doorn.

THE British Empire is becoming Barbarian, according to Sir Thomas Beecham. Another pill, please.

THE Naval Yardstick is excellent, but we still prefer the Golden Rule.

NEWSPAPER Poster:

RAIN

One Penny

Alas, we paid our penny but our garden thirsted still.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE Southern Railway is putting bigger windows into its corridor carriages.

A CHARWOMAN's memorial is to be set up in a Nottingham church to which she left £750 she had saved.

A PIECE of Constable's country near Flatford Mill has been given to the nation by Mr. Parkinson, who preserved the Mill a few years ago.

A Little Drum in Devon

FINDING ourselves on Dartmoor the other day we could not help calling at Meavy; and finding ourselves unable to see Drake's Drum from the lane we could not help climbing a fence and making our way into the playground after hours.

There, summoning the boys of Meavy to school each day, is the thrilling copy of the drum on which Drake "drummed them up the Channel long ago," presented by Lady Seaton, who allowed it to be copied from the original drum in Buckland Abbey.

Missing the drum, we were glad to see the little old church of Meavy; with these words on the door:

The door of this church will generally be found open till dusk for private prayer.

If for any reason the door is locked the key can be got at the Post Office. The church is so left open for the greater glory of God and as a token of the goodwill of the parishioners toward any brethren who, passing through the village, wish to visit their Father's house.

Brethren, disturb not the sanctity of this place, nor the repose of those who lie around it, by any irreverent or unseemly conduct. Finally, brethren, pray for us, for him who ministers and those who worship here, that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit may be with us.

So should we feel in these holy shrines that keep alive in our villages the spirit of those who have loved and toiled and dreamed and gone to rest.

Faces

SOMEbody writing of history and the past the other day remarked that most people would recognise Queen Elizabeth in the street, and Henry the Eighth, but not Herrick, Milton, or Christopher Wren.

We are not sure, but it is interesting to ask ourselves should we recognise the noble Scott, the gallant Oates, David Livingstone, Pearson the benefactor of the blind, if by a miracle we saw them in the road? Abraham Lincoln? Yes. Baden-Powell's eager look—that will never be forgotten.

Of the younger brilliant spirits that stayed a moment and passed, Mallory the climber of Everest and Rupert Brooke the poet—their faces fortunately remain with many of us—fine, generous, prepared, austere.

And as to Livingstone, we remember an odd circumstance which happened to us very long ago. We were crossing the Channel coming home from France and were lunching on the boat. Next at the table was a familiar face seeming to peep out of a history book. *Is your name David Livingstone?* we ventured to say, only to be impressed for ever with the odd reply—*No; but I am the minister of the Livingstone Memorial Church at Blantyre!*

Robert Herrick's Prayer

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart; and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

ONE MORE GREAT THING DONE

ONE MORE EVIL GOING

League of Nations Freeing the World From a Terrible Curse

DRUG PROBLEM BEING SOLVED

By Our League Correspondent

The Tenth Assembly at Geneva will be remembered as one of the epoch-making meetings of the League. It has helped forward World Peace tremendously, and now comes news of another moral stride.

"We want action and we want it now," was the British challenge at the League Assembly when still more delay was proposed before dealing with the drug problem.

The Geneva Spirit

"There has been too much delay already," said the British delegate. "The League cannot act until the countries wish it, and up till now they have not wished it. Japan gave a lead last Spring, but no one followed. Now, this September, France has suddenly decided that it will no longer permit its drug factories to pour out unlimited quantities of poison for the harming of the world, and here is our chance. We must all do as France is doing. We must all pull together and we must do it at once."

Good words to hear in the Assembly, good words to hear from the British Government, and from the lips of a man like Mr. Noel Baker, who could carry on his fight to a finish with such perfect courtesy and good humour yet with such determination to arrive at something. The Geneva spirit, so ridiculed yet so very real, shone through the whole contest, and we were privileged to see two opposing parties in the committee each willing to see the other's point of view, each willing to modify his own in order to reach agreement.

A Big Advance

Without this nothing could have been achieved; with it all things were possible, and we are now able to rejoice in a big advance toward the ultimate goal of saving hundreds of thousands of human lives from the deadly poison of drugs.

The countries where these drugs are manufactured include Britain, France, Germany, and Switzerland, and they have now, in the Tenth Assembly, agreed to the principle that the output must be cut down at once and that within a very short time only the amount needed for medical and scientific purposes shall be made.

Saving the Children

We shall soon have the news that representatives of these countries are sitting at a conference table with experts and with representatives of countries in which so much harm is now done by the vast quantities of drugs smuggled into their territory. Their business will be to decide what quantity of narcotics is needed by the world, and how much each country should be allowed to produce. This is the Assembly decision. States having made it will abide by it, but each one will need all possible support from its people to enable it to arrive at an honest and equitable agreement.

Let it be quite clear that this is not a measure merely for the sake of redeeming men and women who have already ruined their lives by taking drugs; it is to save the children and young people from following in their steps, a thing it is now so fatally easy to do.

THE LADY WHO LOVED THE VILLAGE

BECAUSE the woman he loved also loved the people of Vervan, in Cornwall, Mr. W. M. MacLeod has given them a beautiful memorial.

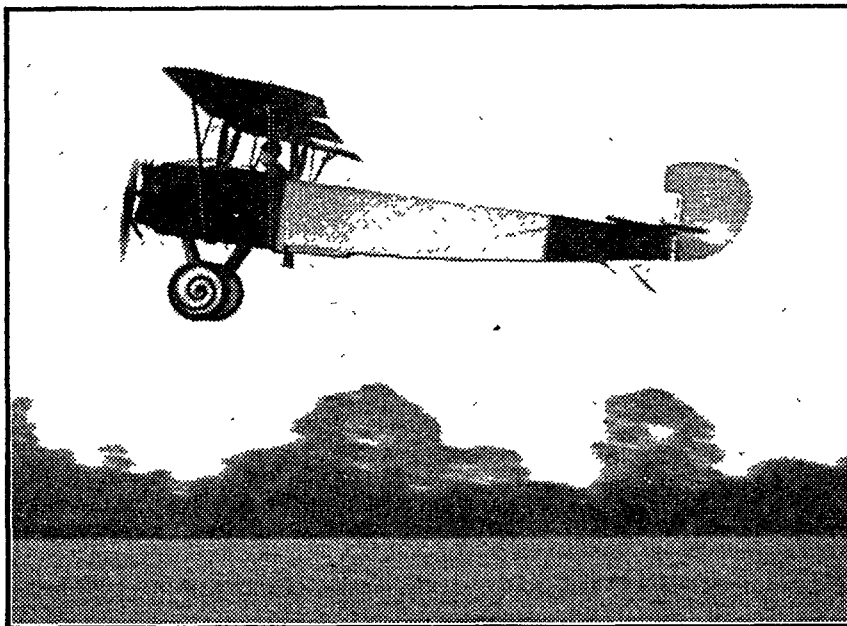
Landscape gardeners have laid out a large swan pond as a water garden. Two bridges lead to an island in the centre, and different flowers and shrubs will make the banks radiant through the year. There are seats for old people and a playing field for those who want to run about.

A bronze plate on a seat is inscribed: *In memory of my dear wife, Eppie MacLeod, who loved flowers and all beautiful things, and her neighbour as*

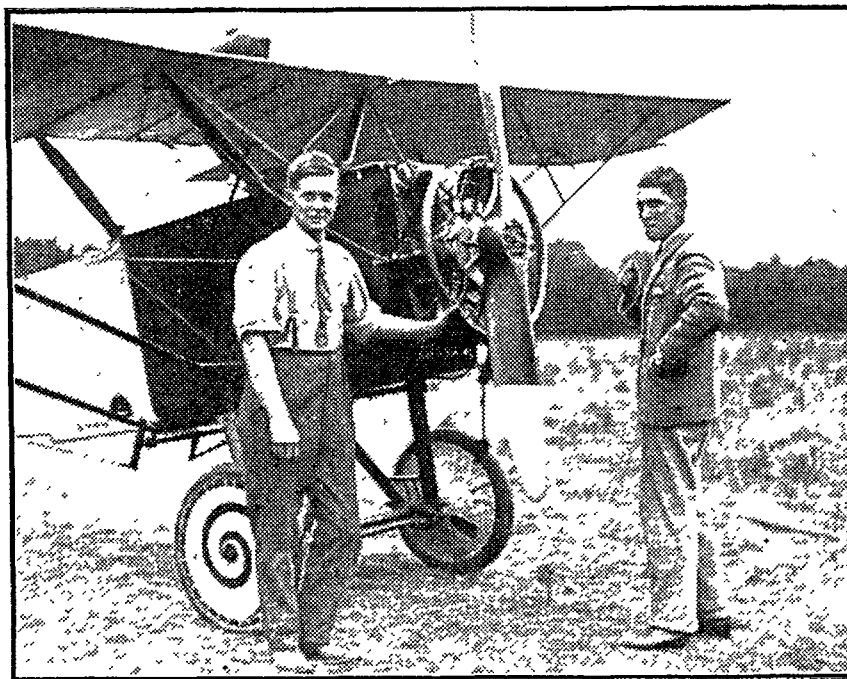
herself, this garden and pleasure has been laid out and presented to the parish of Vervan, to be for all time a place of rest for the weary, of happiness for children, and of beauty for everyone.

It would be hard to find a better way of enshrining a fragrant memory. Eppie MacLeod was a brilliant Scottish girl who won the friendship of the great Professor Jowett in her youth, but she was as charitable and warm-hearted as she was intelligent, and to the villagers of Vervan, who knew her well, the sweetness of the garden will seem like her own gracious spirit.

THE HOME-MADE AEROPLANE



The £17 aeroplane makes its first flight



Mr. Buckle (left) and his friend Mr. Tanner, who first flew the machine

There are now several makes of aeroplane which may be bought for little more than the cost of a touring car, but Mr. S. Buckle, of Abingdon in Berkshire, has just finished building his own monoplane at a total cost of £17. He has been three years engaged in the task, and, as seen above, the machine flies successfully.

THE BLIND MENDER OF STEPNEY

WHEN the Country Girl called on Josie's mother they had tea in the garden. Josie lay in the hammock. "There is a ladder in your stocking," said Josie's mother.

"I know," said Josie sadly. "Then why not change it?" "No use," Josie explained; "there are ladders in all my other stockings."

The Country Girl's thoughts flew to Stepney. In a back street there lives an old woman who is deaf and blind, but she and her husband always look tidy. "I do the washing," she says, "though I can't see whether I get them a good colour. And I mend Will's clothes by feeling for the holes in them." Not

far away lives the mother of ten children. In the living-room there is only room for a small table, and the brothers and sisters can never have a meal together. Mother keeps them clean and tidy by a superhuman effort, and manages to find time to attend the East End Mission services—in her daughter's hat. She has no hat of her own.

Of course it would not be tactful to mention these invincible women of Stepney to poor Josie; but if someone did she would probably smile gently and say, "How nice to be so energetic!" She makes the mistake of thinking that it is a matter of luck; Stepney knows that it is a matter of pluck.

SEEING RUSSIA FOR THEMSELVES

ADVENTURE OF TWO MINERS

The Vain Search for Something Better Than Old England

"KENT IS HEAVEN TO THIS"

If the Bolshevik Government had kept its eyes a little wider open two Kentish miners who have lately returned from Russia would probably have had a very different story to tell.

As it was they managed to get into the coal-mining area of the Donetz Basin without the usual escort, and for this escapade they were nearly imprisoned on their return to Moscow.

These two miners, Mr. W. Roone and Mr. J. Crane, who work in the Tilmanstone Collieries at Eythorne in Kent, had heard rosy stories of mining conditions in Russia, where the worker, because he was the producer, had the best of everything.

A Hole in a Hill

"Why not go to Russia and see things for yourselves?" suggested Mr. Tilden Smith, the managing director of the colliery, and he offered to pay the men's expenses on condition that if things were better there than in Kent they should stay in Russia. He offered also to pay the expenses of any of their friends who might wish to join them.

So off went the two men from Kent. When told at the first mine they visited that Russian miners worked in it for six hours a day their comment was that British miners would not work three hours a day in such a place. The mine was simply a hole in a hill, and to descend it they had to slide on their backs 300 feet from prop to prop.

Terrible Conditions

At the New Economical Mine they saw barefooted women working at the screens in eight-hour shifts, and pulling coal out of the cage. On that day the men were working for nothing; the money was being given for industrial purposes. The workers' houses were small, with no water laid on and no baths.

Still more cramped was the housing accommodation at Artimovsk. Here families were crowded into single rooms, where they ate and slept under conditions of foul sanitation. After descending the mine one of the English miners exclaimed: "Tilmanstone is heaven to this."

Napoleon could not have been more disillusioned with Moscow than were these visitors from Kent. Prices were cruelly high, and there were thousands of unemployed. In a restaurant where they left their food untouched, although they had eaten nothing for 19 hours, they saw a boy of 12 stealing in to pick up a bone left on a plate.

Black Bread

A never-ending stream of beggars accosted them. Cripples and old men and women were standing, sitting, or lying on the pavements. Thousands of people stood in queues waiting for rations of black bread. The housing was bad, and in many cases families lived and slept in one room. There were flies by the million settling on the food exposed for sale. In mocking contrast was a mile-long street of shops laden with goods which only a capitalist could afford to buy.

"I have no desire to take up my residence in Russia," was Mr. Roone's answer to Mr. Tilden Smith, when the travellers arrived back at their mine in friendly old England.

UGLINESS IS CHEAP TODAY

CAN WE AFFORD A BEAUTIFUL ENGLAND?
Why Not Put the Electric Cables Underground?

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY EXAMPLE

The protests against the huge masts carrying electric cables continue to swell in volume and to include more and more of the country's beauty spots. A coincidence comes as if to reinforce these protests.

Just at this time, while public opinion is rightly aroused by the threat of these cables, great industrial forces are dropping overhead cables without any public intervention. The Southern Railway, a pioneer in electric traction, has just put in hand work for the abolition of the last stretch of overhead cables on its line.

Telegraph and Telephone

The biggest scheme of electrification ever carried out by any railway has been achieved by this enterprising company, and their experience justifies them in depending entirely on the third-rail system, by means of which current is derived from the live rail.

At the same time the Post Office, wherever it can afford to do so, is placing telephone wires underground. Myriads of wires have disappeared from sight in the London streets to run beneath our feet. Some day all telephone wires will be similarly treated and the telegraph wires will follow suit. The only difficulty is expense. That is admittedly heavy, but, spread over a period of years, the maintenance of aerial wires probably involves a heavier expenditure than would originally have been necessary to run them underground.

Cost of Overhead Wires

The cost of maintenance in winter is very heavy for both telegraph and telephone wires. Gales blow them down or cause trees to crash through them, and snow brings them to the ground in thousands. One snowstorm during the war must have involved hundreds of thousands of lines. At a single telephone exchange in London the number of broken lines totalled several thousands.

We were engaged with a clever and intrepid enemy so the papers dared not tell the full story of the havoc, but it is a fact that the Commander-in-Chief of our forces at home, upon whom the defence of the country depended, was lost for 36 hours. He was away in the country, on what should have been a visit of a few brief hours, but where he was was not known.

Telephone and telegraph wires were down, and communication could not be established with the hidden warrior of uncertain whereabouts.

Perils of the Past

If these great masts and cables are to afflict our beautiful Lake-Country, our lovely Sussex Downs, and our matchless Devonshire (for we hear of threats in that direction too), the new wires must be exposed to perils similar to those which disorganised the country two years ago and created fear for our national safety in wartime.

It is freely admitted that the overhead method is imperfect, that such dangers may recur, that it is all unsightly and deplorable; the only excuse is that to put all the wires underground is too expensive. Whether the country will consent to electrify in haste and repent at leisure over scarred and disfigured horizons remains to be seen. The existing Parliament, with a due appreciation for the practical, has also some love of the beautiful, and perhaps we need not altogether despair.

TWO DOGS AND LITTLE PRICKLES

By Our Natural Historian

Someone has been writing to the papers suggesting that, because a certain hedgehog made itself unusually snug quarters last autumn "in preparation for the severest winter on record" and has done the same thing again this year, we are to have a winter like last year's.

As if an animal, digging-in in the warm days of autumn, should be able to prophesy events!

Hedgehogs are very dim-minded bundles of instincts; no animals in armour are particularly bright-witted. But for that, if this were an age of fables and Aesop were among us, it would be possible to extract a handsome moral from a tale which reaches us showing how cunningly a hedgehog may avenge insult and injury.

Jerry and Jock

The scene is a dog kennel, or a pair of kennels, built into a wall and enclosed by neat iron railings; but as Jerry, the lolloping Airedale pup, insists on sleeping in bed with Jock, the grown-up terrier, one kennel serves for two.

Jock, who would be considered dear at fourpence by a dog-fancier but is worth his weight in barks to his young mistress, is a frisky adventurous fellow. Jerry adores and copies him, and what the two did the other night will never actually be known.

When they went out into the fields for their after-supper gallop their kennels were left empty, and when they returned it was too dark to see if they brought in anything with them, but all that night, from hour to hour, they set up a furious barking, which would die down into growls and grumbles only to break out louder than ever a little later, and so till morning.

Then it was found that an adult hedgehog was sharing the kennel with the dogs. He was quite unhurt and so were the noses of Jock and Jerry, so apparently neither of them could have carried it from the fields.

Possibly, while the dogs were out at exercise, the hedgehog, smelling food, had crept in and been shut up when the gate was closed on the returning owners.

The Hedgehog Avenged

Now hedgehogs have a very strong pig-like odour, and that of itself would suffice to keep so sharp-nosed a dog as Jock awake. Moreover, every time the hedgehog unrolled to attempt an escape the dog would feel challenged to activity and hostility.

It must have been the repeated unwindings of the intruder which had caused the recurrent uproar throughout the night, and, as the hedgehog was in the outer half of Jock's home, up a step he could not have climbed, it is obvious that he must have been placed there by Jock, who probably watched over him throughout the night.

Morning and a friendly hand brought redemption to the prisoner, who, after pretending to be dead, opened one eye, slowly pushed out his head, began a crawl, scuttered like a frightened rabbit into the hedge, and was gone.

But he was unconsciously avenged upon the dogs, for he left his fleas behind.

E. A. B.

TWO MORE DOGS

Jack of Putney has died aged 22. He was a dog hero of the war, moving about in the British trenches at Mons killing the rats which were a great danger to our men. He killed over 1000 of these enemies.

The Bishop of St. Albans has also lost a great friend of 14 years' standing: his dog Peter, of whom he speaks as leaving a gap in the home. He was "a very big heart and a little gentleman."

THE PRIDE OF TILBURY

Room for the Largest Vessel Afloat
EXPANDING PORT OF LONDON

London can now accommodate the biggest ships in the world, 1000-foot-long liners.

A great new entrance lock into the Tilbury Docks has lately been opened, with room for the longest vessel afloat to berth with a margin of nearly 100 feet.

At present the White Star liner *Majestic*, which is over 900 feet long and has a tonnage of 36,500 tons, is the longest vessel afloat. The old Tilbury lock was too small to accommodate steamers of this size, although the depth of the river is sufficient for those of the deepest draught.

Making the new lock was not a simple matter. Two million tons of soil had first to be removed. Then the vast bed and wall were built of 500,000 tons of concrete, 100,000 tons of cement, and 16,000 tons of steel, with the addition of 7000 tons of granite.

New Dry Dock

Close by this busy scene another army of workmen was hard at work constructing a new dry dock and a magnificent passenger landing-stage opposite Gravesend. Both these new structures have been built as if the designer looked upon shipping as a growing child. The dock is over 700 feet long and capable of future extension to 1000 feet; and the 1100-foot landing-stage is being constructed to allow of lengthening.

Thus the Port of London is expanding to meet the ever-changing conditions of its huge international trade.

A CHURCH FOR CHILDREN To Be Built By Children

One would hardly expect that the pennies contained in every money-box of every nursery in our little island would be enough to pay for a church; yet in Liverpool a children's church costing £16,000 is to be built entirely from the donations of boys and girls.

Churches cannot be built in a day, but close to the site of the church the new St. Christopher's Church Hall has lately been dedicated by Dr. David, Bishop of Liverpool. His children, Diana and Patrick, who are 11 and 8, performed the opening ceremony in the presence of five thousand children, and for the present this hall is to be used by the children for church services and as a social centre.

A CRATE AT PADDINGTON

Referring to a recent note on the subject in the C.N., a reader sends us this experience.

Some months ago I noticed a crate of live fowls on the platform at Paddington Station, and was told by a policeman on duty that he had many times been horrified at their condition when taken from the train. He told me they were consigned regularly to a firm in London, and they seldom arrived without having several dead.

THE LOVELESS PEOPLE

The Communist Party of Great Britain, those who do not love their country, have been rebuked by the Bolsheviks in Moscow (who support them with funds) for having lost two out of three of their members, leaving only 3000 altogether. The leaders of the 3000 have promised to try to upset the Labour Government, and they have been ordered to produce a daily paper for this purpose before next year begins.

NEW FRIENDS AT THE ZOO

CHARLIE PACA-RANA
The Little Burrower Who Loves His Dark Corner

THREE MONTHS ASLEEP

By Our Zoo Correspondent

There have been several remarkably interesting arrivals at the Zoo.

One of the newest pets is a strange little animal called a paca-rana. He is a South American rodent related to the porcupine and is a rare and valuable addition to the menagerie, being the second example of his species to come to the Zoo.

It is thought that no living paca-rana ever reached this country before 1925, and as the specimen then exhibited died in five weeks this new animal is regarded as a very important creature. Charlie, as he has been nicknamed, is so tame that he can be handled and examined by anyone.

Out of Proportion

As he lives in burrows in his natural state Charlie's instinct is to huddle in the darkest corner of his cage, and when seen in this position he does look like a porcupine, for although he has no spines his coat is so bushy that it appears to be furnished with spines. But when he is brought out of his dark corner his coat is seen to be far less coarse than it appeared; it is quite soft and pleasant to stroke. It is iron-grey, but down the back are a number of white stripes.

In shape and form Charlie is rather odd and out of proportion. He is about two feet long, but his head seems too big for his body and his legs too short. The body itself is not beautiful in outline, for it is narrow across the shoulders and very broad in the hindquarters. The short tail makes the body look even less graceful, and long fierce-looking whiskers on either side of the mouth make the face look quaint and inquisitive.

Ready For Visitors

When Charlie comes out of his cage to see visitors he first blinks because he does not like the light; then he twitches his whiskers, and finally sits upright as though begging and makes a squeaking noise. If he is given good fruit or vegetables he remains upright and holds the food between his fore-paws while eating. When the meal is over he washes his face with his fore-paws like a cat and dresses his fur with his long claws. Then this queer little rodent makes it quite clear that he is ready to be petted.

Three other rare and interesting arrivals come from Madagascar. One is a tenrec, a hedgehog-like creature quite new to the collection; the others are examples of the aye-aye, a strange member of the lemur family.

This is the first time for over twenty years that the Zoo has possessed an aye-aye, for even in his own country this animal is rare and his habits are so shy and strictly nocturnal that it is difficult to get a glimpse of him in his natural surroundings. He gets his name because when disturbed he screams "aye-aye, aye-aye."

Like a Hedgehog

The tenrec looks very like an ordinary hedgehog, for he is covered with brownish spines. But these spines are soft compared with those of the English hedgehog and the tenrec cannot roll himself into a ball.

In his natural surroundings he digs himself into a hole and sleeps for the three hottest months of the year. But this is accounted for by the fact that these hot months are also the dry period of the year.

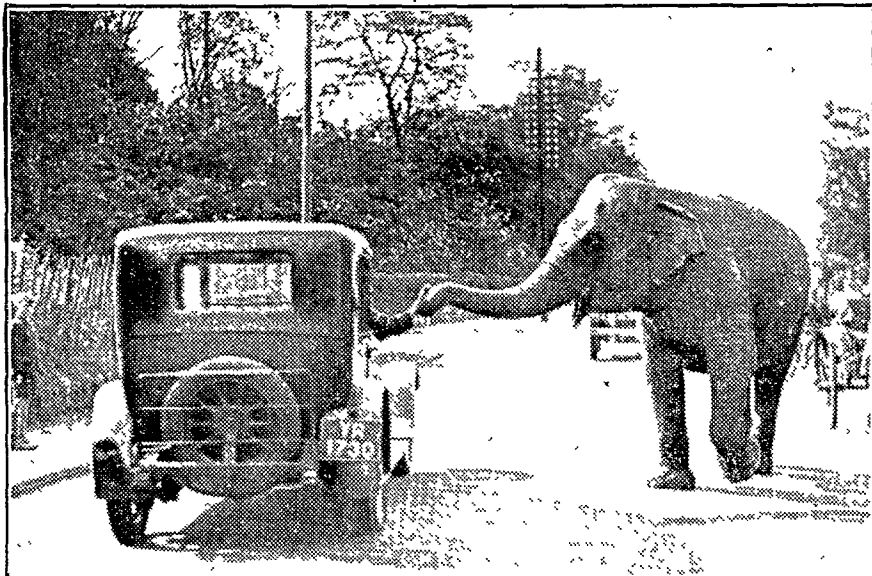
The tenrec's habit of sleeping at this time of the year is but another example of Nature's thoughtfulness; the drought makes insects scarce, and as these are the tenrec's chief food he would suffer hunger if he did not sleep.

October 12, 1929

The Children's Newspaper

9

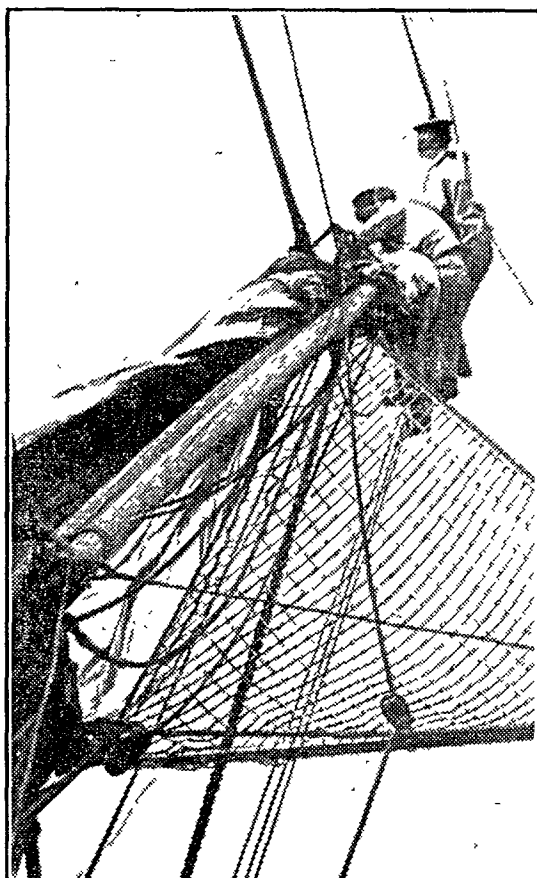
THE ART OF THE CAMERA • A LOFTY PERCH • THE TALL HAT BRIGADE



Slow Progress—When this circus elephant was walking from Braintree to Colchester in Essex it amused motorists by begging for titbits. It progressed at two miles an hour.



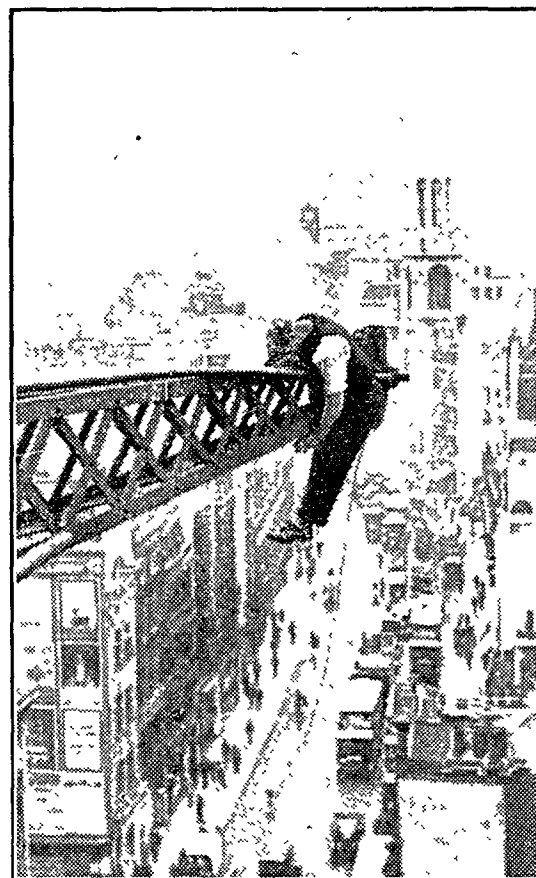
The Potato Harvest—Where potatoes are grown on a large scale a special digger is often used to draw the tubers to the surface. Here we see one in operation at Newcastle.



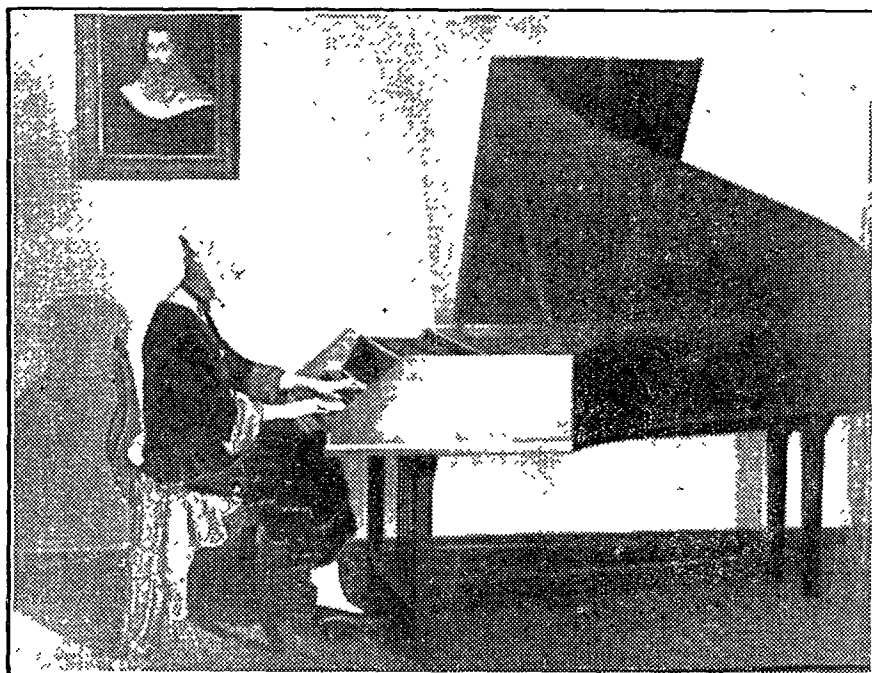
The Bowsprit—This photograph of two sailors on the bowsprit of a sailing-ship was exhibited by Mr. F. J. Mortimer at the London Salon of Photography.



The Art of the Camera—Among the many beautiful portraits shown at the London Salon of Photography recently was this one of a little boy by Mr. Richard N. Speaight.



A Lofty Perch—Some hundreds of workers in offices were looked down upon by this man, but probably few among them would wish to change occupations with him.



The Harpsichord—The skill of the photographer in arranging his sitter at a harpsichord resulted in this splendid picture, which is from the exhibition of the London Salon of Photography. It was taken in Elliott and Fry's studios by Mr. Herbert Lambert.



The Tall Hat Brigade—Nowhere does tradition die harder than in the public schools of England. The tall silk hat, now seldom seen in the cities and towns, is still the recognised headgear of the boys of Eton, some of whom are here seen outside the school tuck shop.

THE STONES OF WESTMINSTER

WHY THEY HAVE WORN AWAY

The Great Work of Repairing the Houses of Parliament

£75,000 FOR BIG BEN TOWER

The repairing of the decay in the stonework of the Houses of Parliament is going on apace, and some of us will live to see the end of it. Not all of us, for it will take 15 years to finish the task, which will cost a million pounds.

The work raises many interesting points. The iron cross bars and spindles embedded in the stonework of the pinnacles, for instance, have expanded through oxidation. In some cases solid masses of masonry weighing several tons have been lifted an inch or more as a result of the corrosion and expansion of the iron due to moisture finding its way into the joints.

Sandstone From Darley Dale

Whatever may be the cause, the trouble has to be met. All the wise men in the world have so far failed to find out a way of stopping the decay of stone. All we can do is to cut away the decayed portions of the Houses of Parliament and replace them with the stone chosen by experts. This is a sandstone from Darley Dale in Derbyshire which never turns a hair, so to speak, at anything that happens in the way of weather.

The list of repairs is very lengthy. Big Ben's tower, more than 300 feet high, is costing seventy-five thousand pounds, and almost twice as much is being spent on the Victoria Tower.

A very wise suggestion has been made to the effect that on unimportant details as much work as possible shall be spared. The original and elaborate carvings of parts of the building which do not show from the ground are not to be renewed. The hundreds of stone-carved crowns which stood on the little pillars rising from the parapet have all perished except five, and have been reproduced in cast iron.

The Gothic Decorations

Many of the trimmings so dear to the Gothic builder, the carved canopies of niches, quaint animals, gargoyles, cannot be renewed in their original forms except at still greater expense, but when the Office of Works has mended and quieted down all these decorations we shall probably not lose anything at all in the general effect.

The stoneyard for the masons is on the Speaker's Green and in the Victoria Tower Garden, well out of the way of the Houses. All repairs are being done as quietly as possible, so that never during the fifteen years shall it be said that members cannot hear themselves speak. They may even, at moments when they are lost in thought, hear that historic pin drop.

THE PLANE IN THE CONGO

Male and Female

M. Louis Frank tells a pleasant tale of how, when he was Belgian Minister of Colonies, he travelled through the Congo with two aeroplanes.

One day he asked what the natives thought of the machines. He was told that they thought one aeroplane was a male bird and the other its mate.

M. Frank said: "But the plumage of a female bird differs from that of the male. Both the planes are the same colour, size, and shape, so how can the natives tell which is which?"

"By watching the great birds alight," came the reply. "This one descended first, while the other circled round till it saw that all was safe, and then it joined its mate on the ground."

PEACE BE TO US ALL

AN ENGLISH SCHOOL PARTY IN GERMANY

Yorkshire Ambassadors of Friendship Between Nations

THE BETTER WAY THAN WAR

There can be no doubt whatever that the feeling between this country and Germany has been growing more friendly in late years. The need for living for the future rather than dwelling on the tragic past has strengthened everywhere among us. The wish to work together for the common good has been evident in many ways.

A welcome light is thrown on German feeling in this direction by a communication which the C.N. has received from a reader living in Holstein describing the reception given there to an English school party which has been acting Shakespeare as a feature of its holiday adventures. We give the account as it reaches us, believing that our readers will see in it a very happy significance.

How delighted C.N. readers would have been to see the enthusiastic welcome given to the various visiting parties of English school teachers and pupils who spent part of last summer vacation in Germany.

One, or two of these parties came from Yorkshire. Some years ago Mr. Dawes, Headmaster of Castleford Secondary School, hit on the happy idea of taking a number of teachers and scholars to visit German schools giving



The Merchant of Venice acted by Yorkshire students in Germany. See above.

entertainments in English. So every summer this good worker for peace gathers his band of helpers together. They rehearse their plays, make their own costumes, and set out for Germany.

From the moment the headmasters of the two High Schools here announced that the English visitors were coming the greatest delight and excitement prevailed.

C.N. readers must understand that no question of money comes into the arrangements. The visitors pay all their own expenses from England and back, but as soon as they reach Germany they become the guests of the various schools they visit. So in the senior classes it was asked: "Who would like to have an English guest staying with them?"

How the Guests Were Welcomed

The response was overwhelming. Instead of the thirty for whom hospitality was required it would have been easy to find homes for three hundred!

At the station, where large numbers of German scholars were gathered to welcome the guests, many amusing incidents occurred. Before the train came in one heard on all sides English phrases of welcome being assiduously rehearsed. But at the moment of actual meeting the excitement made the Germans forget their English.

On the following morning the large lecture hall was packed with pupils, girls and boys, from thirteen to seventeen. Nearly all the children had Shakespeare text-books in their hands. For weeks they had been studying the

SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF

A New Ally Against the Mosquito

Except microbes, the most numerous of all living things are insects, and the most vexatious of all insects are the mosquitoes.

Not only are they vexatious, but some of them are dangerous and deadly, for they inoculate malaria and yellow fever. We should like to exterminate them, but that is very difficult to do, for a single mosquito will breed thousands of millions in a year.

The measures hitherto adopted against them have been to drain away the stagnant pools and ponds where they breed, to cover the stagnant pools and ponds with petroleum, which suffocates their floating larvae, and to put fish into the water so that they may eat up both the insects and the larvae.

These have been the main measures hitherto adopted, but recently a new ally against the mosquito has been enlisted. It has been found that bats are very partial to mosquitoes, devouring them in thousands; and in America now there are towers where bats are bred to act as mosquito-destroyers. In some places the bats have quite cleared out the mosquitoes. It is certainly a good idea; but most people would object to bats in their bedrooms—a thing the Editor of the C.N. had to endure for a minute at a country hotel the other day.

ROADS

PAYING TO GO ALONG THEM

The Old Turnpike and the Last of the Toll Gates

THE MAN WHO WENT ROUND

It is annoying to be held up here and there on a motor journey by little wayside houses with gates across the road at which we have to pay toll in order to cross a bridge or travel some stretch of road linking up the king's highway. As the C.N. has already explained, there are still 55 toll roads and 88 toll bridges left in England.

The history of our roads is largely a history of our civilisation. There were roads before the Romans came; there are Roman roads here still; there are roads which were not begun by man at all. They were tracks worn by cattle, taking the line of least resistance, up and down the hills, made just as we see tracks made on downs and hillsides by sheep today.

Ancient Cattle Tracks

The first of our travellers, not being engineers, followed those ancient tracks and widened them into roads along which pack horses paced for centuries, to be followed by wagons, coaches, and motor-cars. Africa is seamed in the same way today with tracks trodden by natives who utilise the paths trampled out by generations of animals.

There can have been little or no long-distance travel in Early England, no links save between places of importance, no established routes from village to village, and no communication at all between autumn and spring. Yet roads had to come, for military purposes as well as for commerce, and the problems of their making and maintenance baffled men's heads for centuries.

When Tolls Abounded

The turnpike system, roads for which all traffic had to pay toll, first gave us a network of national highways. Tolls abounded in every direction, and everyone riding or driving paid. Those who contribute to the modern Road Fund grumble at their licence fees, but the old coaches which carried the mails paid sums in toll which amounted to as much as £1700 a year.

Moving about in London must have been a nightmare then (as it is now in another sense), for every important thoroughfare had its toll gate. One of these relics of the past still lingers five miles from Charing Cross, that at Dulwich, on a main road running through the estate which Shakespeare's friend Alleyn gave to posterity.

London's many toll gates, however, were few in comparison with those of other areas. There were parts in Wales in which toll gates appeared almost every hundred yards, and led to serious riots, a fact to be remembered when we hear toll gates suggested as a means of checking motor bandits.

Turnpikes and Customs Barriers

Our turnpikes represented in a tiny way the network of barriers set up around the small States of Europe to keep people out or to tax them for what they carried. The League of Nations suggests that the conditions are not greatly altered today. When these State barriers were most numerous and irritating a well-known American was stopped and his luggage removed from the stage coach for examination.

"Here, hands off," he cried. "Put those things back; I'll not go through you at all; I'll turn back—I'm in no hurry. I don't mind losing a day. You're no country—you're only a spot; I'll go round yeh."

And so he did.

Continued from the previous column

chosen play so that they could follow it intelligently.

Several scenes from The Merchant of Venice were given, rapturous applause following each one. Shylock was played by the only professional present, Mr. James Gregson—such a wonderful Shylock, the incarnation of avarice, hate, and revenge on the stage, and off the stage an apostle of fun and laughter and sunny good nature.

Before and after the play English folk songs were delightfully sung, the audience joining in the choruses.

Auld Lang Syne

The entertainment closed with God Save the King and then the German National Anthem, performers and audience singing both as heartily as language difficulties permitted.

There followed a cordial little speech by Mr. Dawes, more rapturous applause, and then the players, in a big semi-circle on the platform, joined hands in singing Auld Lang Syne. From right and left of the stage hands reached out to grasp those of the nearest girl or boy, and in a moment audience and players stood in a united circle, eager young voices joining in the melody, eager young hearts meeting in spirit.

All honour to Mr. Dawes for his splendid idea, so splendidly carried out; all honour to his devoted helpers who spend their much-needed holiday in this way; and all honour to the German children, parents, and teachers for their cordial welcome and appreciation.

Peace be to us all.

CASSIOPEIA'S CHAIR

ACROSS THE MILKY WAY
A Giant Ball of Glowing
Fire-Mist

WORLDS IN THE MAKING

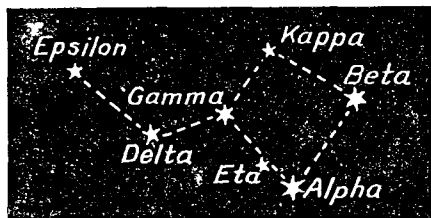
By the C.N. Astronomer

The beautiful constellation of Cassiopeia is now almost overhead of an evening, and may be seen with the naked eye on any clear moonless night. As it lies across the Milky Way it is exceptionally rich in stellar glories, the light from millions and millions of suns shining from those remote depths of the Universe many thousands of light-years distant.

In the foreground, as it were, and by comparison quite near, are four of the five conspicuous stars that form the familiar W with two others as shown on the star-map.

Alpha in Cassiopeia, also known as Schedar, is the brightest, and an immense sun radiating about 250 times the light of our Sun. Its light takes 142 years to reach us.

Beta in Cassiopeia is much nearer, its light taking but 46 years to get here;



The chief stars of Cassiopeia

it is also a much smaller sun radiating about 25 times the light of our Sun.

Gamma in Cassiopeia has what appears to be a faint companion sun of eleventh magnitude; it is but two seconds of arc distant and may revolve round the larger sun. According to the latest measurements Gamma is about 90 light-years distant, and radiates nearly 100 times the light of our Sun.

Delta in Cassiopeia radiates nearly as much light as Gamma, but it takes 112 years to reach us, so Delta is 7,100,000 times as far away as our Sun.

These four suns are all travelling in the same direction toward the east, and with some smaller stars they doubtless form a group. Epsilon in Cassiopeia is, however, not part of it, but a colossal sphere of glowing fire-mist of the giant or B type (like Antares or Aldebaran), upward of a thousand light-years distant.

The small star Kappa in Cassiopeia when added to the group transforms the outline of the letter W into that of a chair as shown on the star-map, this group of stars being popularly known as Cassiopeia's Chair.

Interesting Little Star

In celestial mythology, Cassiopeia, the beautiful Queen of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia, and mother of Andromeda, is always represented as sitting in a chair.

Most interesting of all Cassiopeia's stellar jewels is little Eta, only 18 light-years distant. In a telescope it is seen to be composed of two suns, one of $3\frac{1}{2}$ and the other $7\frac{1}{2}$ magnitude. The larger one is slightly smaller than our Sun and four-fifths as massive, the smaller sun being about half the size and three-fifths as massive. The smaller body revolves round the larger in 346 years, travelling in an immense orbit at a distance apart of 5,115,000,000 miles.

Possibly there are other flaming worlds in the making revolving around Eta, but if so they are not large enough to be visible.

Eta's solar system is in an earlier stage of existence than our own. G. F. M.

A GALLANT OLD FELLOW BY THE SEA

It is sad news to hear that failing sight is affecting gallant James Cable, the famous lifeboat coxswain of Aldeburgh.

Mr. Cable will be 78 in December. A splendid figure of a man, his eyesight, he told a friend of the C.N., is his only trouble.

Those brave, keen blue eyes have done splendid service for nearly half a century, looking out from the shore over the stormy North Sea to help ships in distress. Mr. Cable, who retired in 1917, keeps no count of the ships or the lives he has saved. Testimonials from the Royal Humane Society line the walls of his little parlour in the High Street, and its bronze medal is one of his most treasured possessions. So also is a fine silver cup, enamelled with the arms of Finland and engraved with an inscription from the Finnish Senate of pre-war days, testifying to the coxswain's valour in rescuing a ship from Helsingfors.

First Days Afloat

How did this gallant old sailor first go down to the sea which, while he himself was still a small child, claimed the lives of his father and grandfather?

"When I was 13 (he said) I went to work at the shipyard where they used to build fishing smacks. I had been there about three months when Pilot Henry Barley, master of a fishing smack, came into the yard and said he wanted a cabin-boy. This was at 10.30 a.m., and the vessel was to leave at one o'clock. I ran home, and found my mother had gone to a wedding. The church was full, and I could not get in, so it was twelve o'clock before I saw my mother come out. I told her I was going to sea, and that I had to be there by one o'clock. She cried and 'took on,' and said I should not go. But an old lady with her said: 'If the boy wants to go to sea, let him go.'

Half-a-Crown a Week

"So my mother bought me some warm clothes, and I was there at one o'clock. We started for the fishing-grounds on the east coast of Scotland, and went through the Pentland Firth and round the Orkneys."

James Cable's first wage was half-a-crown a week. But in a few months he was made cook at four shillings a week. At 16 he was earning ten shillings. Four years later he made his first long voyage, to Penang and the Indies, in a tiny barque of 300 tons, the Eleanor, which sailed 47,000 miles in 14 months.

Many strange adventures followed until James Cable found a berth in a handsome liner bound for Australia, where later on he settled down to sheep-farming with an uncle. He was there for three years, but at 24 he was home again in Aldeburgh; and here it was that he began his amazing career with the gallant lifeboats of that fine old town, earning his living as a fisherman meanwhile.

A Memorable Winter Day

His first adventures were with the George Houndsfield, of which he was made second coxswain. On January 18, 1881, only a few months after joining the crew, James Cable took part in the rescue of four separate ship's crews in one of the worst winter days ever known on the coast.

Many a gallant adventure followed in the ten succeeding years during which the George Houndsfield did duty. She ended her career on November 1,

MARTIN LUTHER'S DOG

An Epitaph For a Faithful Friend

Someone has been saying that Martin Luther had a dog he loved very much; so much that when the dog died he wrote a little verse about him and put it on a stone.

That gives us a new and delightful idea of Martin Luther. The only verses we associated with him were those ringing ones that make some of the most magnificent hymns in the world.

It makes the stern reformer seem a little more human when we think that he could also write lines about a dog.

This is what he wrote:

Be comforted, little dog.
Thou also,
At the last day, shalt have
A little tail of gold.

Perhaps the verse is badly translated. A little tail of gold must be very awkward to wag! Most probably in the German there is something about fine beaten gold, which might not interfere with the joyful thumping that would begin when the little dog with the tail of gold met his master walking in the heavenly fields.

Master Luther meant well, no doubt, but he was wrong about the little dog being comforted in that way. Perhaps the conversation had been on crowns of gold, and the dog had been left out, and Luther, looking down and seeing him, had made some remark, and when the dog died put it in an epitaph.

The Forgotten Slipper

It is very sad that people who have written great lives of great people should so often have left out mention of their dogs. Writers have spoken often enough of famous men meeting royal visitors at the door and never said a word about the chewed slipper lying on the lawn.

Some day a really excellent book may be written on dogs, on the example they have given in sheer goodness and humility and forgiveness, on the way they have made life beautiful for lonely people. There is no welcome quite so abandoned and joyful as that of a dog who has been left behind, for aught he knew, for ever. There is no blind devotion to equal his. The more we see of some men, the more we like some dogs.

The writer of the book will have to do a good deal of wandering about in England looking for memorials of dogs, in animal cemeteries and in gardens. So many of them are finer than those written to human beings. We hope Martin Luther's little dog with the gold tail will come into it, and that one at Bury St. Edmunds which ends:

Stay man thy steps, this dog's memorial view,
And run thy course as Honest and as True.

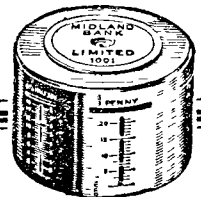
Continued from the previous column

1890, and is still to be seen on the beach at Aldeburgh. Mr. Cable uses her to store his nets in.

A new boat, the Aldeburgh, was built at Yarmouth under the guidance of James Cable and his comrades. She was lost on December 7, 1899, with six of her crew. The Mark Lane, the City of Winchester, and the Edward G. Dresden carried on the fine work, and James Cable was foremost in it all. During the war he was called to the aid of many a mined and torpedoed vessel. But in 1917 he felt he ought to retire in favour of a younger man.

Now his portrait hangs in the Town Hall, and James Cable, in his honoured retirement, is pointed out to visitors by his admiring townsmen as he walks by the shore and in the streets of their pretty little town.

How sad that such brave blue eyes should be failing!



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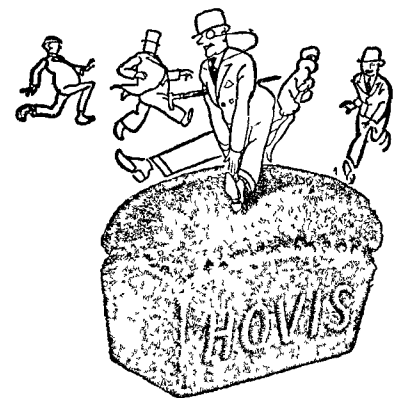
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150 YEARS OLD AND STILL YOUNG

ACKWORTH'S THIRD JUBILEE

The Yorkshire School of the Friendly Spirit

A FINE LINE OF MEN

An interesting third jubilee of a school takes place this autumn. The school founded and managed by members of the Society of Friends at Ackworth, Yorkshire, has been doing its work for 150 years.

It has a very honourable history. The beginning was remarkable. The Quakers of 150 years ago were convinced that they needed a school carried on according to their own educational ideals. An opportunity of procuring a building came when the Ackworth branch of the London Foundling Hospital was closed for want of funds. The site was healthy, and the buildings would serve as a centre for expansion, so Dr John Fothergill, a London physician, bought the building and founded the school for the Society of Friends.

Where Character Counts

A dozen generations of families from the Society have been educated in the belief that character counts for most in life on the very premises where a first beginning had been planned for caring for forsaken waifs picked up in the streets. Philanthropy failed to carry out the whole of the founding scheme, but the Friends, wherever they work in the world, and in whatever field they labour, rarely know failure, and their careful school scheme flourished. It is flourishing still.

Ackworth School owes its existence to Dr Fothergill, a man of whom Benjamin Franklin said that 'if we estimate the goodness of a man by his disposition to do good I can hardly conceive a better man ever existed.' The school so founded has educated a succession of fine men of the most robust moral type who have been foremost in service on behalf of men of all creeds and races.

Its scholars have included John Bright, one of the greatest of British orators, James Wilson, the founder of the Economist, the leading financial newspaper, William Howitt, the poet, Frederick Andrews, a much-beloved headmaster of the school for more than forty years who had been a boy in the school, Trevelyan Thomson, a member of Parliament who died last year and was one of the most universally respected men in the House of Commons, and, among living people widely known, E. V. Lucas, one of the most versatile of bookmen and journalists, and Professor Noel Baker M.P., known through his fine work for the League of Nations and by his broadcasting.

Still Going Strong

Under its present headmaster, Mr Gerald K. Hibbert, an old friend of the Editor of the C.N., the school has even widened the generous scope of its work, and is fully modernised to include science in practical forms and craftsmanship. One example of wideawakeness is the adoption of the School Journey, not only in the Motherland but abroad, even to the extent of finishing a study of the League of Nations by a week's observation of its doings in Geneva.

Evidently Ackworth School, though 150 years old, is still going strong and is still young. We have no doubt that it will still be strong and young when all the dreams of these days have come true.

When You Go By Bus

Do not throw your ticket in the street.
Drop it in the Bus.

A NATION LOOKING FOR NAMES

WHAT ARE THE TURKS TO CALL THEMSELVES?

The Great Task That Lies Before an Ancient Race

TITLES BY LAW

The order to the people of Turkey to find names for themselves has been attended by such scanty results that a law is now being passed compelling the head of every Moslem family to adopt a family name.

The task cannot but be difficult to a backward, unimaginative people. Hitherto their names have been borrowed from their religion, and describe some quality of God. Their place names, too, are simple and often repeated. In the course of a single short journey the traveller meets again and again with Turkish names which mean new village, old castle, pig valley, and black mountain.

Before the Romans Came

We who have directories containing thousands of names, and gazetteers with still more, would have no difficulty if our law ordered a sort of general post with our names and made us each adopt a new one. Our choice today is practically unlimited.

But all nations have passed through a stage in which it was as difficult to invent and adopt names as the Turks are now finding it. Originally our place names were as simple as those in Turkey. A river, a valley, a hill, certain trees, the presence and home of animals, all suggested names well established before the Romans came to Britain.

A Romantic Truth

Race after race invaded England before civilisation dawned, and each had a language, though not a written one. The names first bestowed were adopted by later comers and continued in use long after their meaning was forgotten. It is a romantic truth that British pioneers have carried into Australia, Africa, America, and the remotest ocean islands the names of places which were first used by men who had never seen bronze or iron and had not learned to polish the stone implements with which they worked, hunted, and fought.

Names of people were as simple in origin, and the process by which they came into being seems to have been similar in all lands. There were no regular surnames such as we have, but titles suggested by the time, the season, and the conditions and surroundings associated with birth. Yet, in spite of the primitive nature of the names given, some of them poetic and lovely in idea, there was a certain complexity in the system. There was a name at birth and a second when maturity was reached. Beyond these there was a third name, a totem name.

Primitive Genealogy

Just as the Greeks and Romans believed their heroes to be gods, so primitive peoples have traced their ancestry to an origin not human. The source might be a tree, a bear, a turtle, the Sun or the Moon, a tiger or a reed. All the members of a tribe or a group supposed to have this line of descent had the figure of the supposed ancestor as a symbol. The roughly-carved or painted image is the totem, and all bearers of it are kin.

Although the name is important and may be a matter of life or death to its owner among unknown kindred, yet it is preserved with superstitious secrecy. A savage may be addressed as brother, father, cousin, or what not, but he will hide his true name from all but members of his own totem as if it were a jewel beyond price, a mystery whose betrayal might involve its owner in disaster or even destruction.

THE SHADOW

A Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

Peter Franklin's father and mother are going on a cruise in the Pacific. Peter and his tutor, Mr. Scharner, go to stay with Colonel Grevel and his family at Falcon's Flight, a house which stands on a tract of moorland given to an ancestor of the Grevels. Its extent was determined by the flight of a falcon.

Returning from a walk with the Colonel's daughter Charity, Peter meets a mysterious stranger.

CHAPTER 5 From the Clouds

THERE WERE no larks on the moor, but if there had been Peter would have beaten their earliest riser in getting up next morning, or so he believed when, no longer able to sleep, he jumped into his bath and put on his clothes and ran down to the hall, where he encountered the sleepy-eyed butler, who, inquiring if he had come for a "mouthful of air," showed him how to withdraw the enormous bolts on the door.

Peter wanted rather more than a mouthful of air. He wanted to fill his lungs with it and to explore, to see all that he could possibly see before breakfast. "Abbot," quoth he to the butler, "which way would you go supposing you wanted to take a good squint all round?"

Abbot, a weighty man of a goodly girth, pursed his sagacious lips.

"Well," he replied, "our air, though prime, sir, is raw, so I wouldn't go too far on an empty stomach. There will be bacon and eggs and kidneys, sir, at half-past eight, and if I were you I should step down through the rose garden and take a turn down the yew walk and back by the vegetation."

"The—? I say, I'm sorry. The vege what, please?" cried Peter.

"The vegetarian, sir," repeated Abbot, who was held to have coined that name for a vegetable garden. "We reclaimed the vegetarian, sir, from the moor. But that was in the days of the Colonel's great-uncle."

"Did Falcon's Flight belong to him before it belonged to the Colonel?"

"It did, sir," said Abbot urbanely, "and I lived here with him; but he had no children and so Colonel Grevel succeeded in nineteen hundred and eighteen, sir, just about the time the Great War came to a stop. And now, sir, if you will excuse me—." He turned away.

Across the terrace sped Peter. Following his nose, he descended to the rose garden and found the yew walk. This wound for some little distance, but when he came out he saw on his right a paddock, and close on his left a stretch of tilled earth and the figure of a man stooping. One of the gardeners at work already, he thought.

As Peter approached he could only see the man's back, but was struck at once by something faintly familiar in the thick, heavy limbs and strong, rounded shoulders. Suddenly the man paused and, straightening himself, turned at the sound of footsteps to see who was coming. Then Peter knew: it was yesterday's ragged stranger.

But ragged no longer—in stoutly-nailed boots and leggings, with whipcord riding breeches and an old shooting coat. All, as Peter shrewdly guessed, from the Colonel's wardrobe. He showed no recognition when Peter went up to him and wished him Good-morning in a tone of inquiry. A muttered Good-morning in answer, and that was all. They might never have seen each other by his manner.

Peter was longing to ask the man what he was doing there; who he was; what his name was; if Colonel Grevel had given him a job. But the last of these questions seemed to answer itself, and the others, as he reflected, were none of his business. So, swallowing both astonishment and curiosity, he passed along, and when he went into breakfast did not mention the encounter even to Charity. Though presently he intended, of course, to tell Charity, and to ask her whether she knew what her father had done, and whether he had been wanting more gardeners.

It seemed such a strange thing to do to take a stray tramp in and rig him up and set him down to a job. Yes, mused Peter, but was the fellow a stranger? Why had the Colonel looked so startled when he appeared? And what was that stealthy sign which the fellow had made?

Well, anyhow, he would hear what Charity thought.

But he got no chance for a talk with her after breakfast because her mother required

her for some household matter, while he had to take his books upstairs to his tutor. In the eastern wing had been found a long panelled room which Mr. Scharner pronounced the very thing for a school-room. And there Peter slaved all the morning, though his thoughts kept absenting themselves to rush after his father, now on the seas; to rush back to his climb on the Devil's Chimney; and the Tor Stone; and Mrs. Mandeverell.

He was surprised that Mrs. Mandeverell clung to his mind so. He kept thinking of her as much as he thought of the tramp.

"Peter, don't wool-gather. You must attend!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Scharner."

And so it went on through the morning.

Afterwards he got his chance to tell Charity, who could throw very little light on the puzzle. "I only know," said she, "that the tramp's name is Guymer, and that Dad has taken him on as an under-gardener. I heard him telling Mother that."

"Did you notice what a dark skin he's got?"

"Who? Dad or the tramp?" laughed Charity. "Yes, I noticed that yesterday."

"As if he'd lived most of his life in a hot climate, Charity."

"Or like a foreigner—a Spaniard or someone."

And that was as far as they got. For later in the day when Charity, with the most innocent air in the world, watched the strange fellow at work and tried to draw him into conversation, she might almost as well have been trying to chat with the Tor Stone. Beyond a scowl and a mutter or two he was dumb.

CHAPTER 6 The Face at the Window

WHEN he tried later to put certain events down on paper Peter Franklin found it almost impossible to make any timetable of his first week at Falcon's Flight. For it passed in too much of a whirl, it rushed by too swiftly, with so much to be done and seen and experienced, all the novelty and excitement of his surroundings. But he did succeed in sorting out certain impressions and in recapturing others from letters he had written to his father.

Thus we find that before he had been there four days he tingled at being in the midst of so much strange beauty. "The terrace (he wrote) looks right over a sunken rose garden, and when you are sitting on the terrace or leaning over the balustrade, all of stone white as white, you can see right on to the moor, and between you and the moor some meadows which used to be common land, speckled with bluebells and cowslips and little pink wild flowers, and an orchard with nettles growing right up to its edge; and very often we hear the whitethroats and cuckoos. Yesterday I caught sight of some deer on the moor; they look as if they had flecks of snow on them, but are far too wild to let you get near them."

And on his first Sunday he wrote:

"The custom is for all of us to collect in the hall before dinner, and the Colonel marches in last, just a minute before the gong-goes. And then Abbot, smooth and fat and rather like a red pippin, opens one of the doors leading out from the hall, and there is the dining-room. At the opposite side of the hall is the door of the Colonel's study which has high folding windows through which you can step on to the terrace. The Colonel never keeps the blinds of those windows drawn, so it's quite easy from the terrace for anyone to look through and see if he's in his study if they want him. Well, when Abbot solemnly flings the dining-room door open we all march in as solemnly, Mrs. Grevel (she is such good company, as you said, Father) and Charity going first, and Major Chris, who works his chair with his hands, wheeling himself in last."

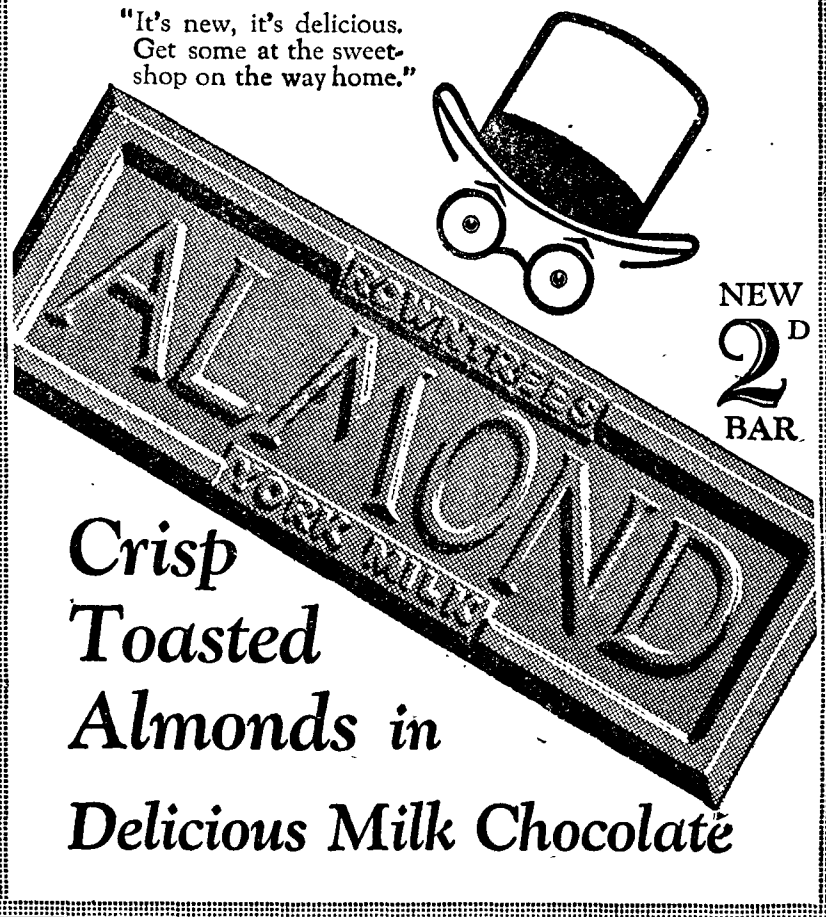
And from another letter:

"We always have dinner in good time because afterwards the Colonel loves to sit on the terrace with all of us round him. Mrs. Grevel has to be next to him, and Charity has to light the match for his cigar, and Odin has to lie down close to his feet so that he can lean forward now and then and fondle Odin's ears. Sometimes the Colonel shams to forget, and then Odin either whimpers or begins suddenly to whang his tail on the gravel. So round we all sit till the dusk comes or it grows cold. The Colonel likes everyone to join in the talk. Charity and I have to tell him what we've been doing all day; and he makes

Continued on the next page

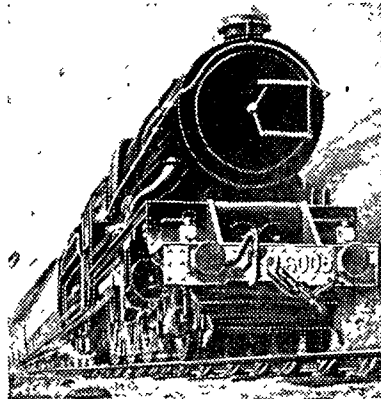
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Mr. Scharner talk a bit about books, and Major Chris about tracking and stalking wild beasts, which the Major used to do lots of before he was hurt."

It seems clear, then, that those long even ings on the terrace stamped a very early impression on Peter.

It was just before dinner, one day during his second week with the Grevels, that two little things happened which left their mark on affairs, although neither seemed of much concern at the moment. The Colonel, who had been at Market Torridge since breakfast, had just stepped into the hall, where all of them were assembled when Abbot entered and, instead of ambling towards the gong, began to address his master in a low voice.

Colonel Grevel uttered, "Speak up, man! Whom did you say?"

"A Mr. Pape," answered Abbot.

"He called this afternoon?"

"Yes; this afternoon, sir."

"Did you inform Mrs. Grevel?"

"No, sir. She was lying down. Besides, sir, he inquired particularly for you."

"For me, eh? What did he want?"

"He wouldn't state, sir."

The Colonel pondered. "Pape," he said musingly. "I don't know the name at all. Are you sure it was Pape?"

"Certain, sir. I wrote it down after he had gone."

"And you couldn't gather any idea of his business?"

"No, sir. None at all, sir. I have never seen him before."

"Well, you'll see him again," laughed the Colonel, "if he's got any business. In that case he is certain to call again. Now, what about that gong, Abbot?"

But instantly came a low warning:

"Don't move!"

It came from Major Chris, who, gripping the sides of his chair, his shoulders pressed forward, sat staring intently and fiercely at the small side window directly in line with his eyes. As they turned their heads toward him, "Don't move," he repeated in a whisper. "Talk naturally. You, Abbot, you stroll toward the gong, but when you reach it slip through the door and run round the house."

In bewilderment Abbot obeyed. He moved toward the gong, while the others, Continued in the last column

JACKO ORDERS A NEW SUIT

JACKO, one morning, was ordered to tidy himself up for his mother was going to take him to the tailor's to buy a new winter suit. And presently off they went. On the way they met Belinda's husband, looking the picture of misery. Poor Belinda was in bed with a bad cold.

"Dear, dear! That's bad!" said Mother Jacko. "I'll step across and have a look at her. You go on to the tailor's, Jacko, and ask them to measure you for a good warm suit. I'll come along directly and choose the cloth."

Jacko went off obediently.



"He's had half the shop out, and won't buy a collar stud"

"I want to see a good warm suit, please," he told the assistant.

"Certainly, sir," said the man. "What sort of suit?"

"The best you've got," replied Jacko. "And you might throw in a few overcoats—with fur-linings," he added cheerfully.

The man went off and came back laden. And proceeded to show off the things one by one to their very best advantage. Jacko examined them critically—and didn't hurry over it. He said he liked them all.

"And which will you take, sir?" inquired the man.

Jacko opened his eyes very wide. "Oh, I'm not taking any," he said politely; "I only wanted to have a look at them."

The assistant was furious. He hurried off to complain to the manager.

Jacko darted to the door. But the manager stood in the way.

"The impudent young rascal!" the assistant was saying when Mother Jacko walked in. "Had half the shop out and wouldn't buy a collar stud!"

Mother Jacko glanced round, and her eye fell on a quivering dummy.

"Jacko," she called softly, "what are you doing in that hat and ulster? Take them off this minute and come home. Father will have something to say about this," she added. She was right. But Father said it with the cane.

in equal bewilderment, began to chatter. But just as Abbot made his dart through the door Major Chris raised his voice to utter: "It's gone!"

"What was it? Did you see somebody at the window?"

"Yes. A face staring through the glass," replied Major Chris. "It was staring hard at you, Colonel, all the time you were talking."

"What sort of a face?"

"A man's face, I fancy," the Major said. The butler came panting back. "There is nobody there, sir."

"No, you've missed him," said Major Chris, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Perhaps I ought to have warned you before. But I wanted to place him first."

"And did you?" asked the Colonel later, when they were at dinner.

Major Chris slowly finished his soup before answering. "Mistakes are very easy to make," he remarked then. "One doesn't want to do anyone an injustice. Is there any servant you suspect of prying?"

"Oh, come!" interposed Mrs. Grevel with a light laugh. "None of the servants would want to pry on us, Major."

"I suppose not," he answered, smiling.

"Let's talk about something else."

But this did not suit Colonel Grevel. "My dear man!" he protested. "If you fancy you recognised the face you must tell me."

"As you will." The Major sipped at his glass. "Well," he observed, as the serving-maid passed from the room and Abbot closed the door at a nod from his master, "unless I'm losing my sight, that chap staring through the window was the fellow you've taken on as an under-gardener."

"Guymer!" came from the Colonel.

"Yes. If that's his name."

"Then I suppose," the Colonel said after a pause, during which Peter saw Mrs. Grevel eyeing her husband, "that the chap wanted to see if it was too late to get a word with me. If he startled you, we startled him, Major, I'll warrant."

"I daresay we did," assented Major Chris dryly.

Then he changed the subject, but during the rest of the meal it seemed to Peter that the party was oddly constrained, the Colonel lapsing into spells of unusual silence.

TO BE CONTINUED

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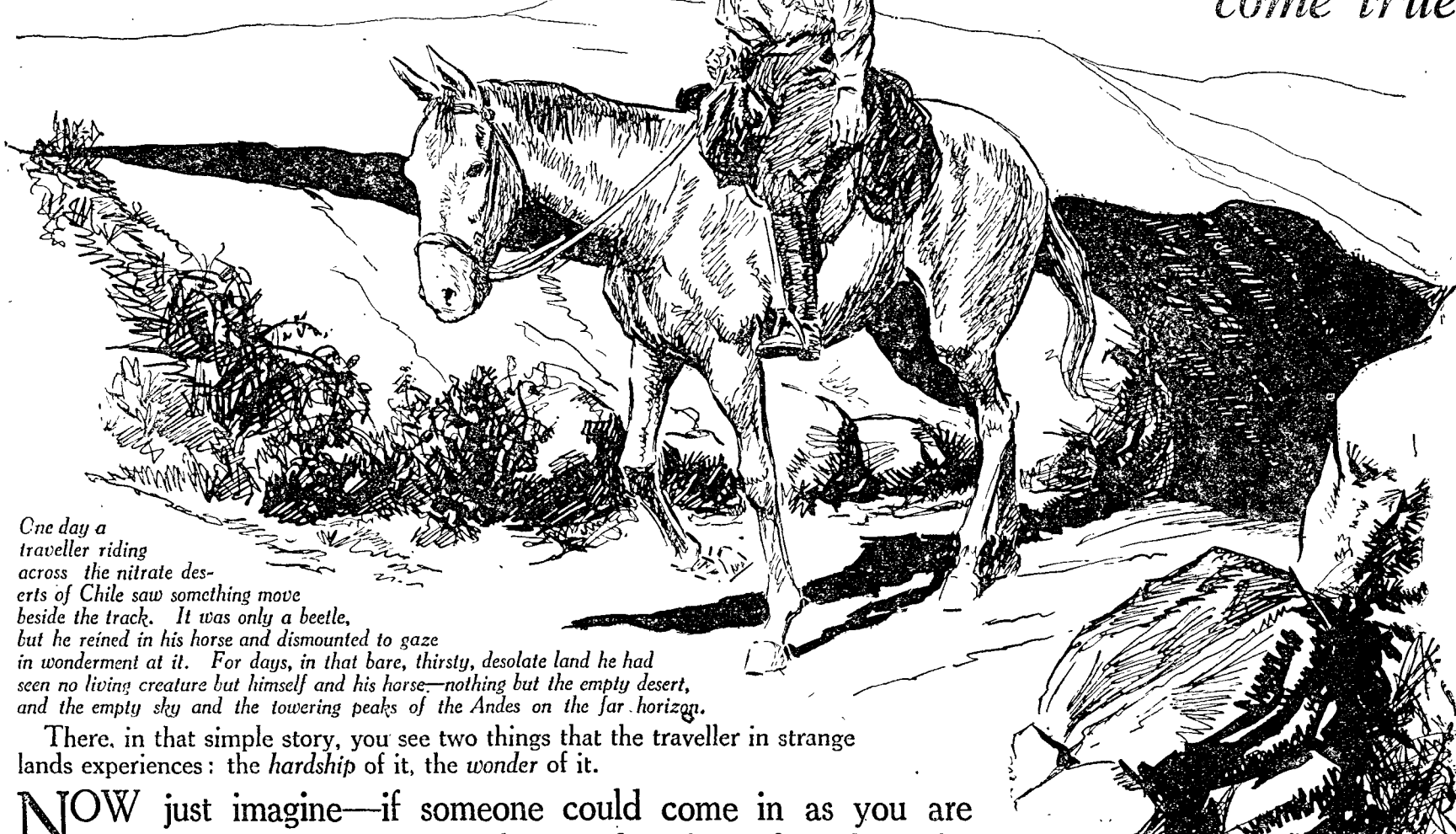
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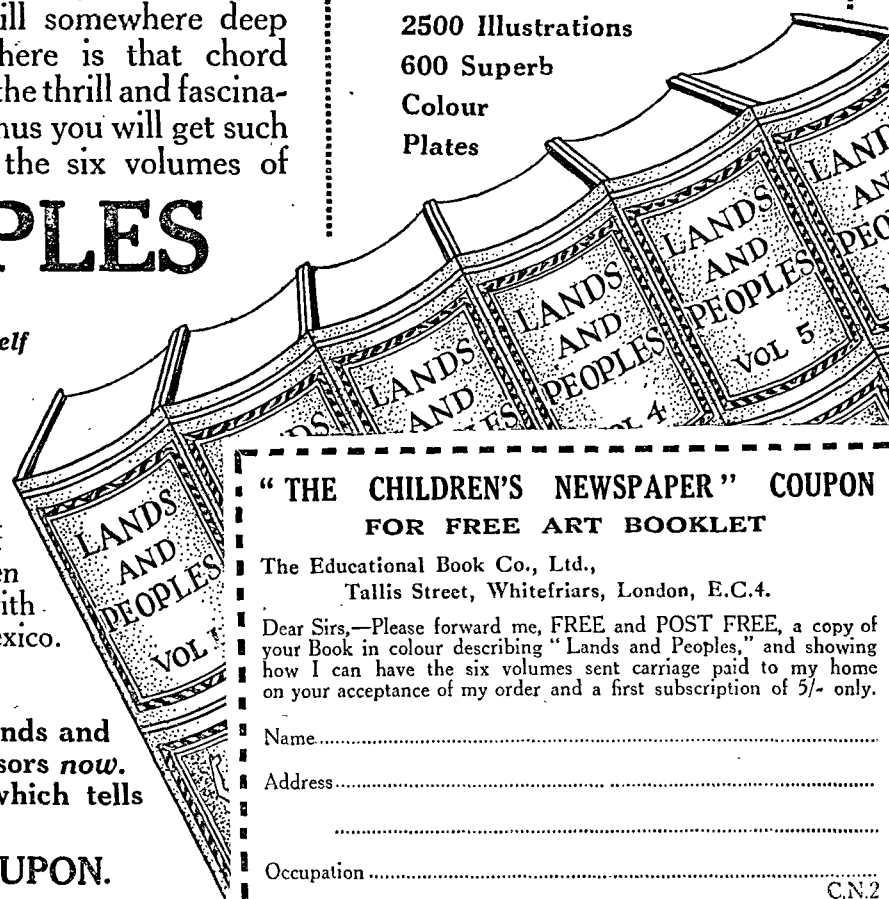
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C.N.2

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 12, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

A Shopkeeper's Profits

A SHOPKEEPER bought 20 books at a certain price. He sold 15 of them, making a profit of £2 10s. on his total expenses. Finding the other five left on his hands he sold them off cheaply at 2s each.

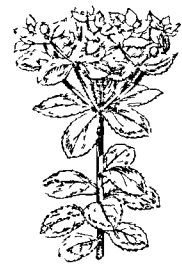
On counting up the money he had received for the 20 books he found that he had made a profit of 60 per cent on his original outlay. What was the price he paid for each book?

Answer next week

Wild Flower of the Week

The Sun Spurge

THE Sun Spurge is a very common weed in cultivated places, and like many of its relations is found blossoming until late in October. Sometimes the plant is only a few inches high, but at other times it may grow to nearly two feet, and the spreading umbel of flowers is large in proportion to the size of the plant.

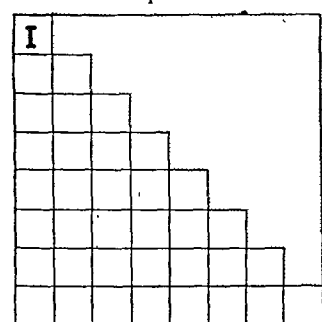


Spurge is only a variation of purple, and is a reference to the plant's medicinal effects; the prefix "sun" was given because the flowers turned to the Sun. The milky juice of this plant used to be put on warts to destroy them.

Do You Live at Ventnor?

THE name Ventnor means the edge or brink of the Venta, venta being a Latin word for a market, or any place where things are sold. This town in the Isle of Wight therefore marks a spot near which there was a market in Roman times.

Step Words

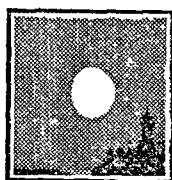


BEGIN with the letter I and add one letter (in any order) at each step until the name of a familiar bird is formed. A proper word must be made at each step. As an additional clue, the five-letter word means a step.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Venus and Mercury are in the East. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West, and Jupiter and Uranus are in the South-East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on October 15.



Facts

IN proportion to its population there are more theatres in Italy than in any other country in the world.

It is said that the growth of children takes place almost entirely while they are asleep.

In some parts of India the water-lily is largely used by the natives as food.

Artificial eyes of gold, silver, copper, and ivory were used by the ancient Egyptians.

Ici On Parle Français



Un réfectoire Un évêque Une tonnelle
Ce réfectoire est vraiment beau.
L'évêque porte sa crosse à la main.
Nous déjeunons sous cette tonnelle.

Diagonal Acrostic

FILL in letters to make the words described. When this has been done correctly the central diagonal line, represented by noughts, makes the name of a bird which we see every day.

O***** .. East Anglian county.
*O***** .. Wealthy.
O** .. Precious stone.
O .. Begun.
****O** .. Moved slightly
*****O* .. Choice cheese.
*****O .. Bird that comes in spring.

Answer next week

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for five weeks in 12 towns. The five weeks up to August 31, 1929, are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1929	1928
London	7203	7291
Glasgow	2083	2153
Liverpool	1821	1830
Manchester	1325	1341
Belfast	846	890
Leeds	772	732
Edinburgh	686	690
Bristol	612	627
Bolton	265	262
Derby	231	298
Norwich	218	208
Reading	160	157

One and Fourpence

One of our little readers has received from a friend a set of colour pictures for her birthday with these lines, which seem worth passing on.

A PENNY for a life full of joy,
A penny for love naught can cloy.

A penny for eternal good health,
A penny for plentiful wealth.
A penny for power to be strong,
A penny for conquering wrong.
A penny for sticking to right,
And one for a character white.

A penny for days full of sun,
A penny for victories won.
A penny for years of content,
A penny for minutes well spent.
A penny for smiling through tears,
A penny for long happy years.
A penny for love of a friend,
A penny for joys without end.

A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words, each containing four letters, which when written one under the other will make a square of words.

A beautiful flower. A notion. A famous Shakespearean character. A measure of length.

Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE last swallows and martins are seen. The yellowhammer begins to sing again. Ladybirds hibernate. The leaves of the Lombardy poplar, aspen, hazel, and elder fall. The lime tree is now stripped of its leaves. The dogwood turns red. The sun spurge is in blossom.

Words We Speak and How They Came

Lumber. Lumber carries us back to the days when the Lombard merchants were the bankers and pawnbrokers of Europe.

They lent money on the security of furniture, jewellery, clothing, and other articles, and their pledges were stored in a room which was spoken of as the Lombard room. Many of the pledged articles accumulated until they became out of date and useless, and such unserviceable rubbish was known as Lombard goods, corrupted later into lumber.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Divided Legacy

Jack £270, Tom £220, Harry £110

Word Diamond Five Rows of Four

V
PIT
VINES
TEN
S

Heads and Tails. Clover.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

DISDAIN BRACKEN
SAINT NETHIC
ALET CODTIN
SOLDIER ABANDON
SAY CLEANER SLY
ETV LARG ODO
RHIE TEE ANT N
THEATRE RESERVE

Dr. MERRYMAN

Naturally

WAITER: Which side of the table do you wish to sit on, sir?

Diner: I prefer to sit on a chair.

A Good Excuse

HOUSEWIFE: If you love work, why don't you find it?

Tramp (sadly): Alas, lady, love is blind.

Emergency Exit



THE Eskimo, dense though he looks,

Has plenty of sense in his head. When his doorway is blocked by the snow

He uses his chimney instead!

A Bargain

AN old Negro who was leading a dog was asked what he would sell it for.

"Two dollars, massa," he said with a grin.

"That's far too much for a dog like that. I'll give you half a dollar."

"No, sah; it couldn't be done," said the Negro. "Why, de man I got dat dog from gave me a whole dollar to get rid of it."

Poor Father

Two bright young friends met.

"I hear your father is ill," said one. "Is his trouble catching?"

"I hope not," replied the other. "The doctor says he is suffering from overwork."

A Dog's Life

GREEN: Jones leads a dog's life.

Brown: Does he?

Green: Yes; he grows all day and snores all night.

False Economy

MR. NEWLYWED was most anxious to learn.

"Is your wife economical?" he asked an old friend.

"Yes," was the reply. "Only recently she worked out how to save ten shillings a week by doing her own housework."

"How did it work?"

"She got a cookery book, I got dyspepsia, and the doctor got ten shillings."

Protect your Throat

The 'Allenburys' Glycerine & Black Currant Pastilles are manufactured from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of choice ripe black currants by a special process which conserves the full value and flavour of the fruit. They have a demulcent and mildly astringent effect, most useful in allaying simple irritations of the throat.

Allenburys' Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

dissolve slowly and uniformly, and have a delicious, slightly acidulous flavour which is most refreshing.

Your Chemist stocks them IN TINS

2 oz., 8d. 8 oz., 2/3
4 oz., 1/3 1 lb., 4/3

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TIP-TOP QUALITY TOFFEE

Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee started at the top of the toffee class and has remained there ever since. Always gains full marks for purity and excellence of flavour. Everyone likes it, for everyone likes the best that money can buy.

6D PER 1/4 lb.

From all confectioners, either by weight or in dainty containers

Also covered in plain and milk chocolate at same price.
E. Sharp & Sons, Ltd., Maidstone.



WHO WAS HE?

ROBERT BURNS wrote that "prudent, cautious self-control is wisdom's root"; but he was one of the least prudent of men, and, like many other writers, was far wiser in his books than in his life. Perhaps the saddest illustration of this inconsistency, of fine writing, sound at heart, with a life that was waywardly weak, is seen in the brightest and most varied of Irish writers.

He was full of humour and geniality, loved mankind, and had a clear idea of what was good and what was bad; yet he could not manage his own

life. Much that he wrote will live on. Nearly all of it tends to make us love him.

His father was a poor Irish clergyman. The family gave the lad the chance of a good education; but he was so full of pranks that he was in his twenty-eighth year before he settled down. In those early years he had studied at Dublin, Edinburgh, and in continental countries, through which he passed on foot playing a flute for a night's lodging. When he reached London at last he called himself a doctor, though he never succeeded as one.

His real work for the rest of his life was writing on all subjects, often for very small pay. He was always in debt, sometimes in danger of imprisonment. He wrote of his travels and observations. He wrote one of the best novels in the English language, poetry that will always be read, and plays, one of which is still acted after more than a century and a half. Whenever he wrote what interested him it had a charming flow, which led his friend Dr. Johnson to say in his epitaph he "touched nothing that he did not adorn."

A WAYWARD IRISH GENIUS

His achievements are with us in all our libraries. Yet the man who so made us his debtors died £2000 in debt to the people around him, while the poor whom he had helped wept for him. He was full



of the milk of human kindness, but quite incapable of managing his affairs, a lovable, wayward, helpless, Irishman of genius. Here is his portrait. Who was he?